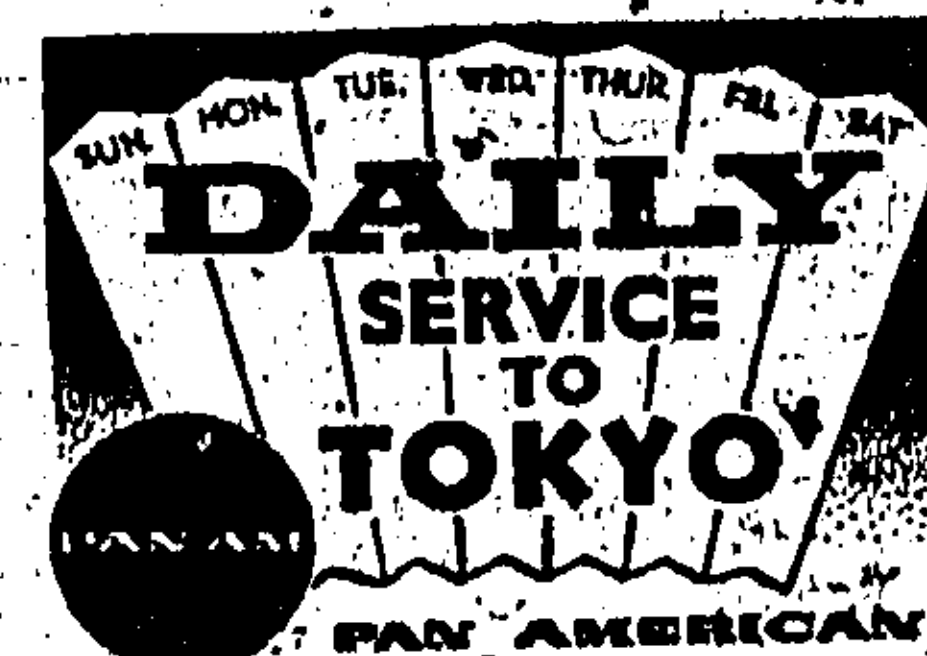




CHINA MAIL

Established 1845



No. 37340

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1959.

Price 30 Cents

Comment Of The Day

CHINA LIGHT SURPRISE

THE announcement by the China Light and Power Co. Ltd. has come to the general public as something of a surprise and the financial implications of the move need to be fully explained by the Chairman. For this is an announcement which interests not only the shareholders but the public which the company serves.

It will be recalled that only a fortnight ago Government announced its intention to set up a commission of inquiry to investigate the workings of the two electricity undertakings. The proposed doubling of the issued capital and the revaluing of the shares will be widely interpreted as a hedge against possible unfavourable recommendations of the commission. In practice there can be no objection to the move. Government has announced certain action and the company has taken defensive measures. But since China Light is a public utility the public will naturally be concerned if what has been done is in any way prejudicial to the company's ability to maintain supply and extend it where necessary at the lowest possible rates. There are some grounds for concern and that is why we believe a full statement is necessary.

Despite yesterday's hectic transactions on the Stock Exchange it is difficult to see how the shareholder gains out of all this. The market value of his share is not appreciably enhanced, nor does the dividend appear to be affected—unless it is the company's intention to continue paying the same rate. BUT the profits and, consequently, the dividend will be considerably affected by the move for in future they will be halved in relation to a capital of \$112 million. Amongst other things the commission of inquiry's account is to "deal with allegations of excessive profits." He may feel that in the past, on a \$55 million capital China Light's has been remarkably healthy, but he will also have to note that the company's present action has altered the perspective. In short, instead of recommending action in this respect, he may be stymied. The full implications of the move and its effect on any royalties the company may in future have to pay Government will be carefully studied. The public looks forward to the forthcoming meeting for more information on the China Light proposal.

ARIAS GIVEN ASYLUM

Dame Margot's Husband In Brazil Embassy

Panama, April 24. Dr Roberto Arias, husband of Dame Margot Fonteyn, wanted by the Government for allegedly leading an abortive revolutionary movement, was given political asylum at the Brazilian embassy here late today.—U.P.I.

EXTRADITION SOUGHT

Panama City, April 24. President Ernesto De La Guardia of Panama announced today his Government was weighing the possibility of lodging extradition proceedings against Dame Margot Fonteyn, who is now in Britain.

He told a press conference in the Presidential Palace that letters and documents discovered by the National Guard had been put before the Judiciary.

"We might ask for the extradition of Fonteyn if we have sufficient proof against her," he said.

The President said Panama has an extradition treaty with Britain dating from 1907.

The Letters

Sealed on a Louis XIVth style couch covered in yellow silk in a reception salon, President De La Guardia produced a file containing originals and copies of letters alleged to have been written by American fashion model Judy Tatham to Dr Roberto Arias and Dame Margot.

Asked if the Government had any other evidence against Dame Margot, the President replied: "I don't know. I am not following minute by minute details."

The President revealed that he personally had issued the instruction for the arrest of Dame Margot.

Dame Margot had been released, he said, "because we did not have any proof against her at that time."—Reuter.

No Chance

London, April 25. British diplomatic quarters early today discounted the possibility that the Panamanian Government could secure the extradition of Dame Margot Fonteyn. Under international practice regarding extradition, it is only possible for a government to extradite its own nationals—and Dame Margot is British.—Reuter.

SORAYA, ORSINI MARRIED?

Capri, April 24. Princess Soraya of Iran and Italian Prince Raimondo Orsini were reported to have been secretly married aboard a yacht off Capri today. Soraya's mother, Madame Esfandiary, refused to confirm or deny the rumours and refused to make a statement.

Press sources here were sceptical about the authenticity of the marriage reports. Prince Orsini and Princess Soraya left Capri on a yachting expedition today, as they have done before on many occasions during their stay here. With them were Madame Esfandiary, two German friends of the Princess, and a friend of the Prince.

The reports said that the marriage was celebrated by the ship's captain today, while awaiting the Pope's dispensation which would be required for a religious marriage ceremony—since Soraya is a Muslim. At all events, the general opinion here is that the couple intend to marry. Since they met up on Capri they have not attempted to hide their mutual affection and can be seen on the beach any day.—France-Press.

Scots Warned Off Eiffel Tower

Paris, April 24. Two-kitted Aberdeen University students who tried to climb the Eiffel Tower carrying an 18-foot banner marked "Aberdeen University's Charities Campaign" were warned off by gendarmes after they had got only a few feet off the ground. They had hoped to fix the banner at the top of the 984-foot tower to get publicity for the campaign, which this year hopes to collect £13,000 in aid of spastics.—China Mail Special.

Bus Crashes Into Shop



Miss Edith Woolley, 42, had just finished serving a customer in her Cannon St. London stocking shop when a No. 13 bus came lurching through the window after a collision with a potato lorry. But the top deck hit the concrete above the shop front, stopping the bus only a few inches away from her. Fifteen bus passengers were treated for injuries. Miss Woolley and the bus driver escaped. Nobody was on the pavement or the front seat of the bus.—London Express Photo.

Glorious Glosters Presented With High U.S. Award

Bonn, April 24. America's highest collective military award, the Streamer of the Presidential Citation, was today presented to the first Battalion, the Gloucestershire Regiment—the "Glorious Glosters"—for its action in Korea eight years ago. This was the first time the Streamer has been awarded to a non-American unit, a British Army spokesman said. The Streamer, which was fixed to the regimental colour, was presented on the anniversary of the Battalion's stand against a Communist Chinese division on Imjin Hill in 1951.

Arm Ribbon

Since the granting of the award by the then President of the United States, Mr Harry S. Truman, the men of the Battalion have worn the blue and gold ribbon of the Citation on their left arms. Because of duty abroad it has not been possible to make an earlier formal presentation of the award. The Streamer, which the citation said was awarded for "exceptionally outstanding performance and extreme heroism" was presented today by General Clyde D. Edelman, the Commander-in-

Chief of the United States Army in Europe. Also on parade today was "C" troop of 170 Independent Mortar Battery, Royal Artillery, who supported the "Glorious Glosters" at Imjin Hill and were awarded the citation for their part in the heroic defence. In their epic "three-day stand in Korea, the "Glosters" blunted a fierce Communist attack and held open an escape route for other United Nations forces. Close to 680 men were either killed, wounded or captured. Their Commanding Officer, Colonel James P. Carn, later awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry, was taken prisoner.—Reuter.

Fish & Chips

Preston, April 24. Mr Harold Macmillan, today ate fish and chips with Lancashire cotton mill workers on a brief "Meet the People" tour of Northern England. This famous British dish was included in the one shilling and ten pence menu provided for workers at the Shore Mills, at Littleborough, near Rochdale.—Reuter.

Bobby Locke Golf Ball Hits Russian

Rickmansworth, April 24. A member of a trade delegation from the Soviet Union was struck on the mouth by a golf ball driven by South African Bobby Locke during a golf tournament on the Moor Park Course today. Locke, four times winner of the British open championship, played a poor second shot at the eighth hole in the £1,350 Spalding tournament. The ball soared into the big crowd lining the fairway and hit the Soviet delegate, who was temporarily dazed. When the burly South African arrived on the scene he was obviously disturbed and offered his apologies to the injured man, who soon recovered.—China Mail Special.

BURMA EDITOR TO SUE TASS

Rangoon, April 24. A Rangoon journalist, U Law Yone, editor of the influential English language morning newspaper, The Nation, announced today that he will sue the Soviet Tass news agency for defamation.

Tass, in a bulletin distributed free to all newspapers said yesterday that the Western powers and the United States in particular were using local papers in Burma to advocate that the country abandon its neutrality and toe the Soviet line.

The bulletin claimed that in this connection, Yone had been paid \$34,000 from the United States embassy. Yone today named the amount he will claim in compensation: \$34,000, the same sum he is alleged to have been paid by the Americans.

If he won the action, Yone added, the damages would be turned over to a fund for the Dalai Lama.—France-Press.

Dulles Gets New Office

Washington, April 24. Mr John Foster Dulles is being provided with a three-room suite on the fifth floor of the State Department near the office which he formerly occupied as Secretary of State. Mr Dulles who resigned his post as Secretary of State last week was sworn in yesterday, as a special consultant on international affairs to President Eisenhower.

Gary Cooper A Roman Catholic

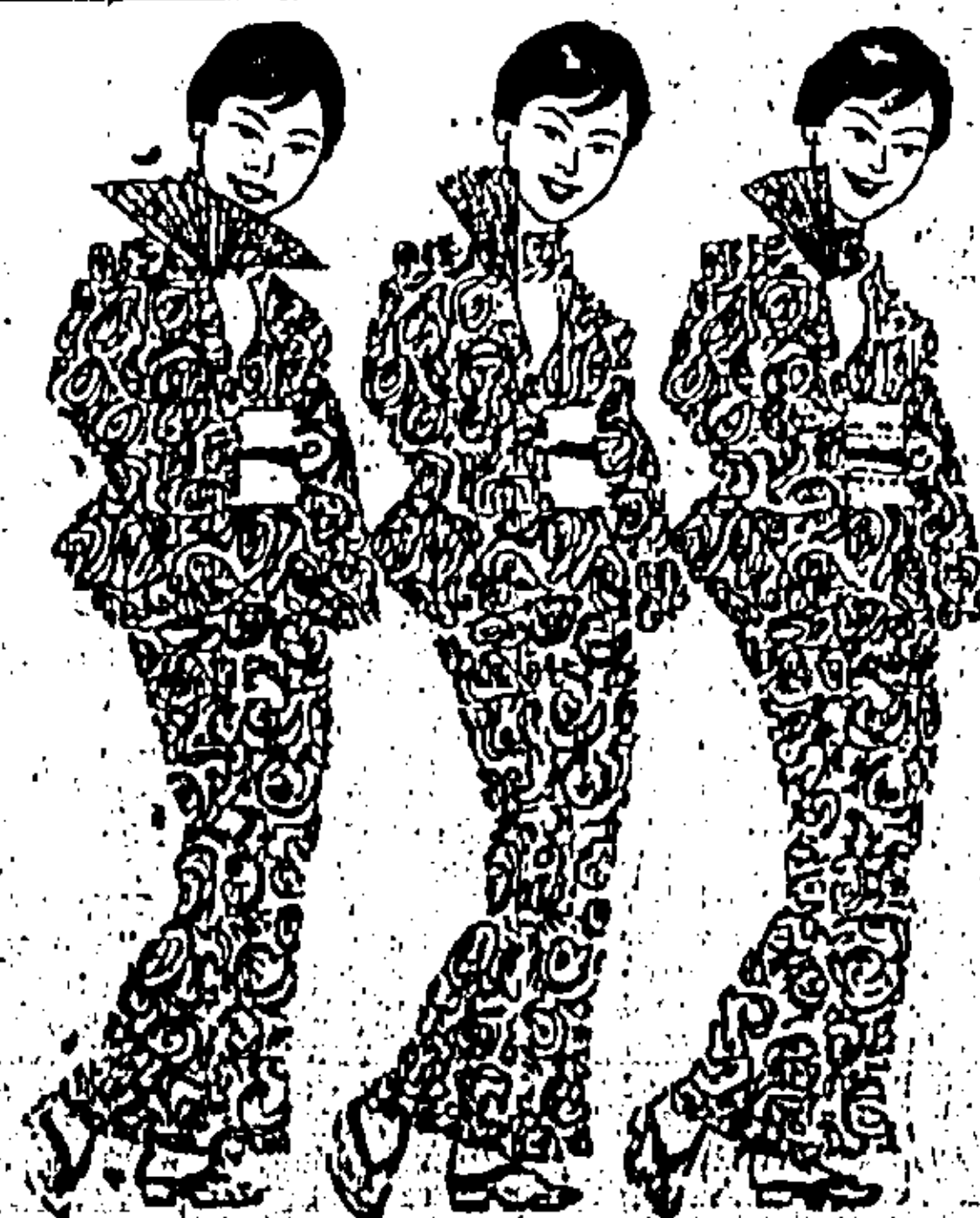
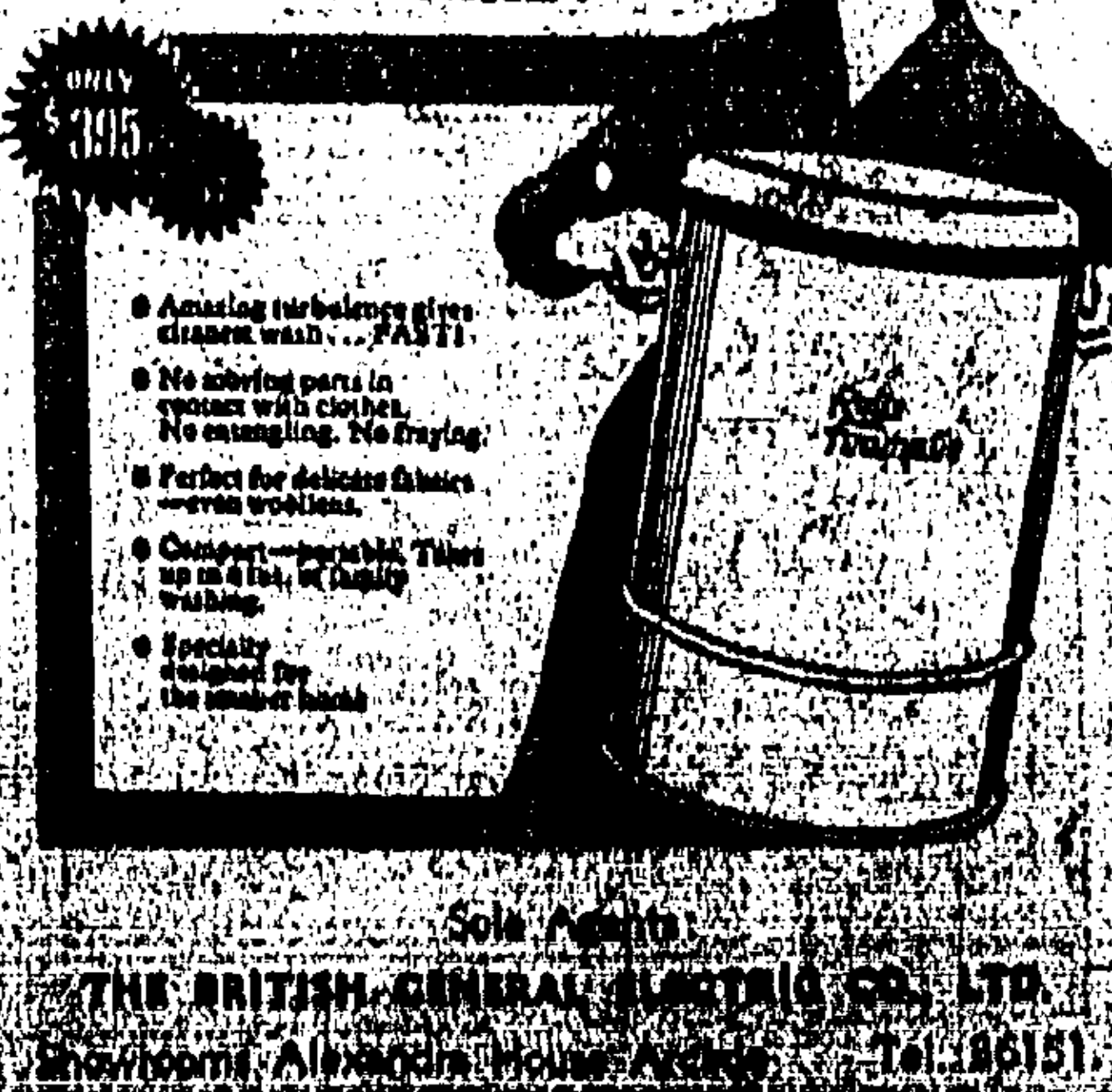
Vatican City, April 24. Hollywood screen actor Gary Cooper has been received into the Roman Catholic faith together with his wife and daughter, Vatican Radio reported today.—France-Press.

Soviet Request

Belrus, April 24. Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev asked United Arab Republic President Nasser, to hold aloof from Iraq, in return for which the Soviet Union would help the United Arab Republic in other ways. It was reported today.—France-Press.

*Say goodbye to washday drudgery!
Rolls Foamatic

THE LOWEST PRICED
ELECTRIC WASHING
MACHINE!



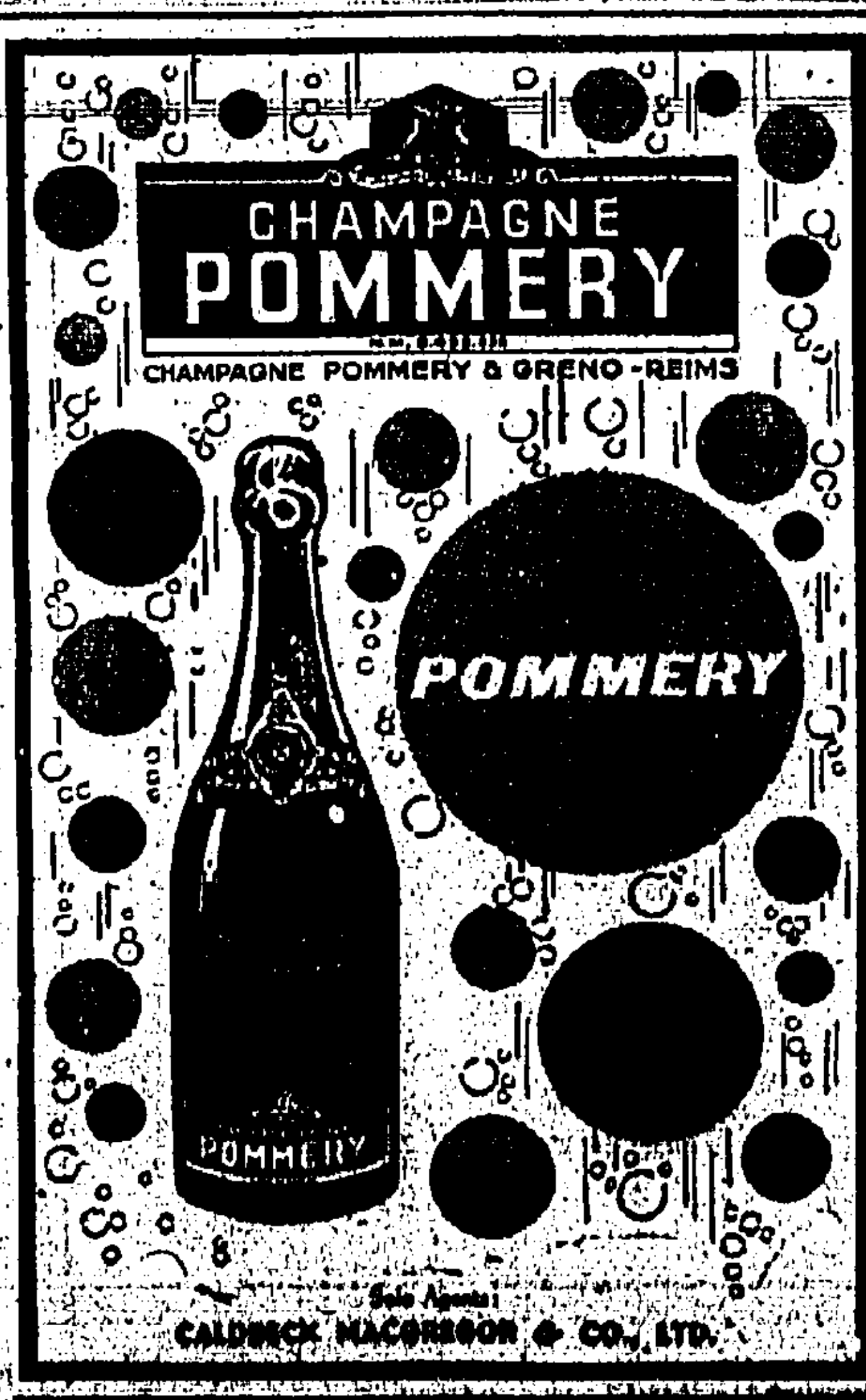
THRICE a week to

Tokyo

THREE flights a week from Hong Kong to Europe, India and Tokyo.

A triple treat for businessmen and tourists. Reveal the luxury of our Super-G Constellations — RADAR equipped for maximum comfort — every First Class seat a Wooling Slumberette. Low priced tourist seats in addition.

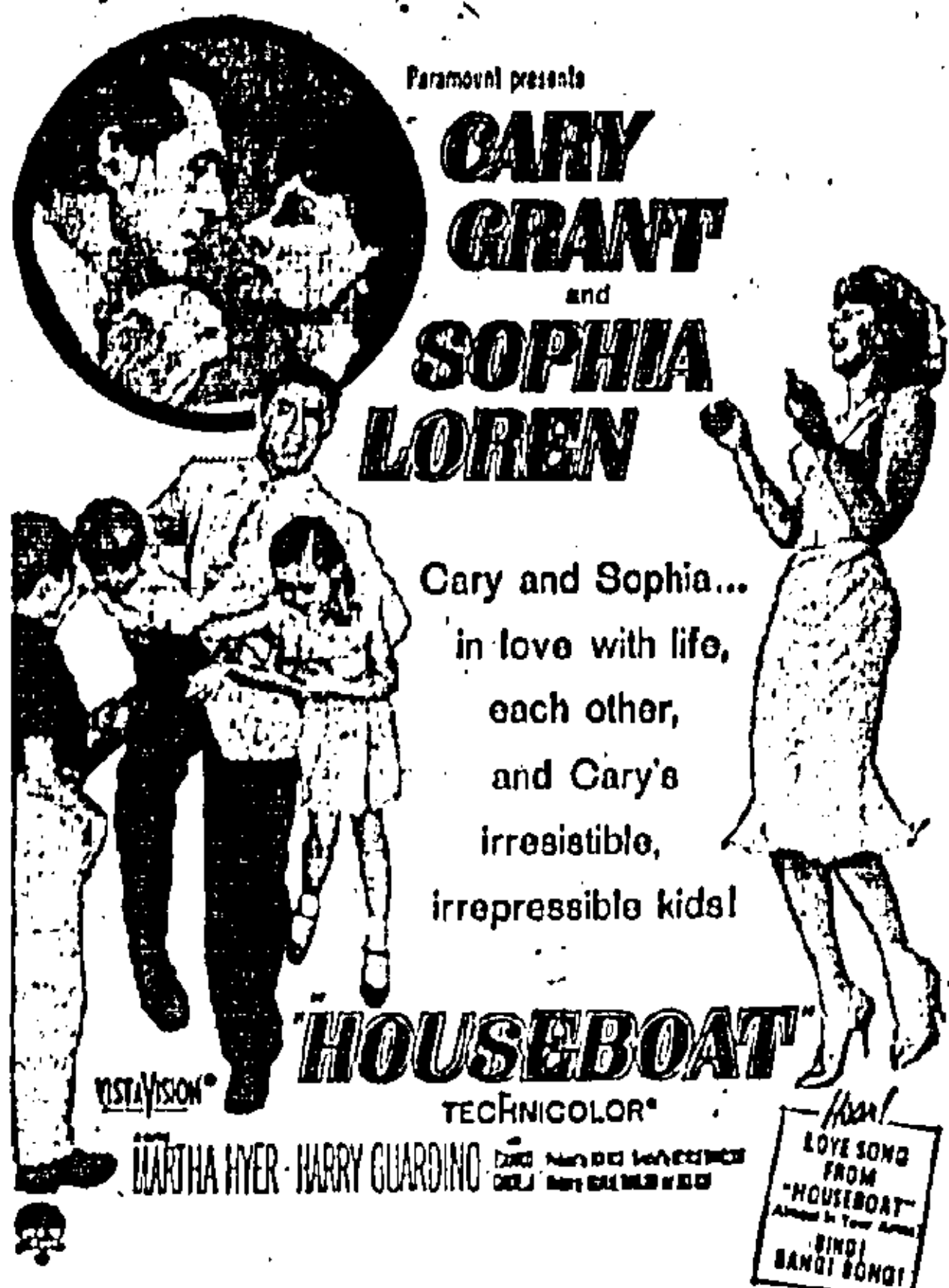
AIR-INDIA International



KING'S PRINCESS

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

2 Great Stars in the Season's Most Hilarious Picture of Qualities of Wholesome Entertainment for the Family!



Cary and Sophia...
in love with life,
each other,
and Cary's
irresistible,
irrepressible kids!

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. Ava GARDNER • David NIVEN • Stewart GRANGER in "LITTLE HUT" in Technicolor

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox's "MIGHTY MOUSE COLOR TERRYTOONS"

To-morrow At 12.30 p.m. Susan Hayward • Tyrone Power in "UNTAMED" in CinemaScope & Color

At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

KING'S

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW

TO-MORROW At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M Presents "TOM & JERRY TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS"

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

The Greatest Submarine Picture of Them All

GLENN FORD • ERNEST BORGNINE

TORPEDO RUN

DAVE BREWSTER • DEAN JONES

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30

"THE TRUE STORY OF JESSE JAMES" | "JUMPING JACK"

STAGE CLUB

presents

ROMANOFF AND JULIET

a comedy by Peter Ustinov

at

LOKE YEW HALL, THE UNIVERSITY

FINAL PERFORMANCE

TONIGHT at 9.00 p.m.

BOOKINGS AT MOUTRIES OR AT THE THEATRE

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

IF my own personal interests are shared to any extent by you, then you will find "The Journey," one of the interesting films of the year, showing at the Hoover and Gala, it has as its concern the incidents of the 1956 Hungarian Rising, and the escape of a bus load of neutrals from terror-stricken Budapest, and their attempts to reach Austria.

I could now proceed to fill the whole of this page with the astounding incidents which make this film such an outstanding contribution to the film world, and, incidentally, the most poignant comment on current affairs.

In my opinion, "The Journey" is the finest statement made upon the Communist regime. Not because it is so outspoken, but because it refuses to become propaganda.

Director Anatole Litvak is saying, this is how it really is, he waves no flags, he is neither binary eyed nor starry eyed. He does not add to, nor subtract from. This is what men believe; this is the way they behave. They behave as they do because they believe what they do.

The result, as I have already said, is an outstanding artistic triumph. Yul Brynner as Major Suray represents the Communist ideal. His performance will be evaluated by those who know what he is about. If it is permissible to use "perfect" then I claim his performance is perfect.

He interprets the role of the Communist idealist with an intelligence never yet approached by any actor called to play a similar role.

The film really illustrates the contradiction of ideals, which separate East from West. Brynner portrays with wonderful clarity that confusion of mind which his remorseless logic obtains when brought up against the less clearly defined ideals of Western Democracy.

So I could go on filling page after page.

Opposite him, with no less integrity, yet interpreted with out regard to any logical process, is Deborah Kerr as the Western idealist. This is not so apparent, unless you look for it. Our whole tradition is not assessed by any system of logic. The whole is summed up by the phrase: "The decent thing."

Anatole Litvak, in striving for authenticity, used Hungarian refugees rather than "extras" for his wilder shots. I can understand the reason. There are no words in any language, which can convey the emotions of an individual soul up against a system which binds its way through flesh and blood to reach its logical conclusion. Only those who have experienced know, and knowing cannot describe.

With that background, where Marxist and Christian ideology fuse somewhat at the Austrian border, this drama is played out.

Drama it is, even melodrama at times. Miss Kerr is Lady Ashmore dedicated to "the decent thing."

Hungarian Freedom Fighter, Paul Kodes assumes the name of Fleming in an attempt to escape from Hungary.

Yul Brynner, the Communist idealist, is at the border town to investigate all outgoing people.

As the film has it, neither side outmaneuvers the other. But the theme, "Man cannot live entirely without pity," is the more because this idea was the ideal of the original Russian revolutionists. It is a great film. You must see it. It is not only your duty, but it will be your pleasure to do so. I cannot recall sitting so enthralled in a cinema for a long time.

I cannot name the actors of the many small parts. They must remain anonymous. They stood at the roadside with guns and ambushed the Russian invaders. In the end, some of them beat at the sides of the tanks with their bare hands.

They are more than actors, they are themselves living again those wild moments when once again the voice of Louis Kossuth rallied Hungary; a voice, a century dead, they had supposed: "Hungarians, from the charnel-house of Moscow a perditional breath passes over us paralyzing our senses and deadening our spirit."

Never has any film so caught the unquenchable spirit of man. It is truly great.

★ ★ ★
"HOUSEBOAT" has all the ingredients that drag a customer to the pay-box. Sentiment; humorous and whimsy; situations; colourful scenes; precocious children; and Cary Grant; and Sophia Loren.

Another name for this film might be, "Bringing up Father." As the film has it, urban father Cary Grant is a good father in



Yul Brynner puts Deborah Kerr through a passport quiz, in a scene from "The Journey."

every way except he doesn't seem to live at home.

Mother is smart, warm and affectionate; her only weakness seems to be a combination of bad car driving with an inclination to speed. That which is bound to happen, happens. Cary Grant has to bring up the family.

There are dear children; sweet little darlings; quiet, well-mannered and so well behaved.

When father announces they are to live with him, they stare at him with frozen eyes, then realizing he is their father and has certain legal privileges, one sweetly coos in the dulcet tones of a Chicago gangster: "He's got the law on his side."

At any rate, they live unhappily and unhappily ever afterward until Miss Loren, although considerably older than the children, has trouble with her father. She leaves home, and becomes maid in the family nest of Grant.

From then on, the inevitable is inevitable, but is delayed by some Peter Panish glimpses of the children.

How sweet it all is. Usually I don't weep at the cinema, but this brought tears to my cynical eyes.

To hear the dear son snarling at Cary Grant when father tries to help him fish.

To hear the darling little five-year-old tell her father to go and get lost. It restores one's belief in the future to know that such winsome darlings are to be the citizens of tomorrow.

Miss Loren is such a fair and never expected before. Neighbours put two and two together, and you can hardly blame them for making four, although according to the script, they've got it all wrong.

In making this film, I should imagine that Mr Grant paid more attention to the noughts on the contract than to the words in the script. Miss Loren is glamorous throughout, and although she cannot sit a horse, she makes a brave attempt at bolting an egg.

But the finale is pure fairy tale. Aging handsome fairy prince Cary Grant marries the sleeping beauty princess Sophia Loren (she does oversleep) and a wedding is announced.

But the children refuse to cooperate. They stare with bulging eyes while father's hands for just one more chance. "Won't they attend his wedding? Not! But before the last yard of celluloid slides through the lens, all is well. The hard-hearted children repent.

The film is slick, fast moving, colourful, and well directed. But the children. They will have every responsible parent reaching for a slipper; and it would have lowered my blood pressure somewhat had Mr Grant taken off his slipper and applied it to the appropriate part of his children's anatomy.

★ ★ ★
THE inexhaustible drama of the West unfolds with yet another play upon the bud 'un who turns good 'un, in "Ride a Crooked Trail," showing at the Lee and Astor.

Interested in equity than justice plays his part with authority. Colourful, fast moving, with some really original touches, and strongly directed by Jesse Hibbs, I am sure this film will please every Western fan.

★ ★ ★
THE exciting history of John Osborne's shuttering play "LOOK BACK IN ANGER" since it first hit the world at London's Royal Court Theatre more than two years ago, is that of success wherever it has played.

★ ★ ★
And, quite apart from highly successful seasons both in London and on Broadway, "LOOK BACK IN ANGER" has played in more than 20 countries.

★ ★ ★
Now that the screen version is nearing completion at Associated British Elstree Studios, London, it is interesting to take a backward look (far from anger) at the widely-flung countries that have cheered the stage version.

★ ★ ★
They are: Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Poland, France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Holland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland, South Africa, Australia, Argentina, Israel and South America.

★ ★ ★
"LOOK BACK IN ANGER" will be released in Great Britain by Associated British-Pathe and

throughout the rest of the world by Warner Bros.

★ ★ ★
The screen version spells success in any language. Starring are Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, Mary Ure, Dame Edith Evans and Gary Raymond. A Woodfall Productions Limited film it is produced by Gordon Scott, with Henry Saltzman as Executive Producer, with Tony Richardson, brilliant young stage director who launched the first production at London's Royal Court Theatre, making his screen directorial debut.

★ ★ ★

Stanley Holloway has made two films since returning to London from the Broadway production of "My Fair Lady." Both of them were made at Associated British Elstree Studios. In "NO TREES IN THE STREET," recently premiered, he plays a street hawker in the East End; in "ALIVE AND KICKING" he is an American returning to his native Ireland to find three rich old ladies, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Estelle Winwood and Kathleen Harrison installed in his cottage.

★ ★ ★
Becoming more and more popular is the music from Frankie Vaughan's latest picture "THE LADY IS A SQUARE," in which he stars with Anna Neagle and Associated British Contract artists. Scott of the four main film tunes, "The Lady is a Square," "That's my Doll," "Love is the Sweetest Thing" and "Honey Bunny Baby," the last number was written by Frankie himself.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & GALA: "The Journey." A fascinating film which uses the Hungarian rising of 1956 as its background. Deborah Kerr as an English aristocrat is a Hungarian patriot to pass the barrier. Yul Brynner as Communist officer is a move ahead of the game. Thrilling, beautifully made in Technicolor; this is one of the outstanding films of the year.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Houseboat." Paramount's VistaVision Technicolor comedy about father Cary Grant and his three uncooperative children and nursemaid Sophia Loren.

LEE & ASTOR: "Ride a Crooked Trail." CinemaScope and EastmanColor Western which has Audie

Murphy making good as the fake Marshall who had Gloria Scott in his phat. Well made with plenty of rough and tumble incidents.

★ ★ ★ METROPOLE: "The Deliant Ones." Hollywood's attack on the filthy race war. Film has two convicts (white man Tony Curtis and coloured man Sidney Poitier) escape chained together. Strong brutal film rated the finest film of the year by many European and American private institutions.

★ ★ ★ BROADWAY: "Perri." True life Technicolor fantasy of Squirrel and her mate. Beautifully photographed with exquisite scenes, catchy tunes and superb interpolated sequences. Walt Disney at his best.

COMING

HOOVER & GALA: "Some Came Running." Film based on novel by "From Here to Eternity." James Jones. Small town drama of returning soldier novelist who is socially L. Frank Sinatra; Dean Martin; and Shirley MacLaine. CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Bandit of Zhohe." CinemaScope and Technicolor of drama, adventure, and romance in the days of the British on the Indian Northwest Frontier. Victor Mature; Anne Aubrey; and Anthony Newley.

patrol. Realistic dialogue with tense battle scenes. Richard Attenborough; John Gregson; Michael Craig; and Vincent Ball.

★ ★ ★ METROPOLE: "Separate Tables." Oscar laden film which has a new seedy David Niven; a de-glamorised Deborah Kerr; and a de-luxed and a Rita Hayworth; with Wendy Hiller walking off with the other Oscar. A film right above the rest.

★ ★ ★ BROADWAY: "Boom at the Top." First class British film made with ideas and imagination. Angry young man smashes his way to the top in a small Yorkshire town. Laurence Harvey; Eileen Signoret; and Heather Sears.

Lee & Astor

TEL. 72436 (BOOKING OFFICE) TEL. 87777

SHOWING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



LEE: To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. — At Reduced Prices

Tom & Jerry Technicolor Cartoons

A* 12.30 P.M.

Oliver HARDY • Stan LAUREL

DANCING MASTER

— NEXT CHANGE —

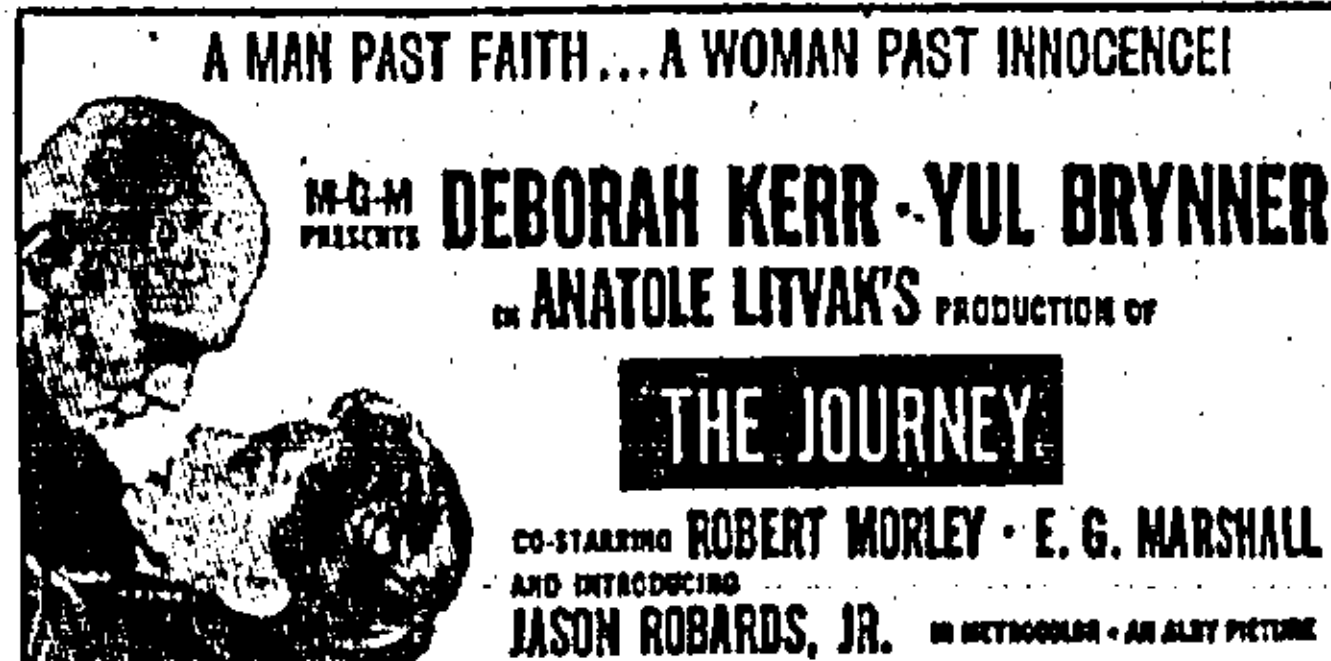


HOOVER GALA

TEL. 72373 TEL. 82079

NOW SHOWING: 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M.

A love story and a powerful drama laid against the 1956 Hungarian revolt and filmed entirely on location in Austria near the Hungarian border.



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW SUNDAY

Special Matinee To-morrow At Reduced Admission

GALA THEATRE || Walt Disney's Cartoon Feature "PETER PAN" At 11.00 a.m.

CAPITOL

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

At 11.00 a.m.

M-G-M CARTOONS COLOR

At 12.30 p.m.

Glenn FORD in "INTERRUPTED MELODY"

M-G-M PICTURES TECHNICOLOR

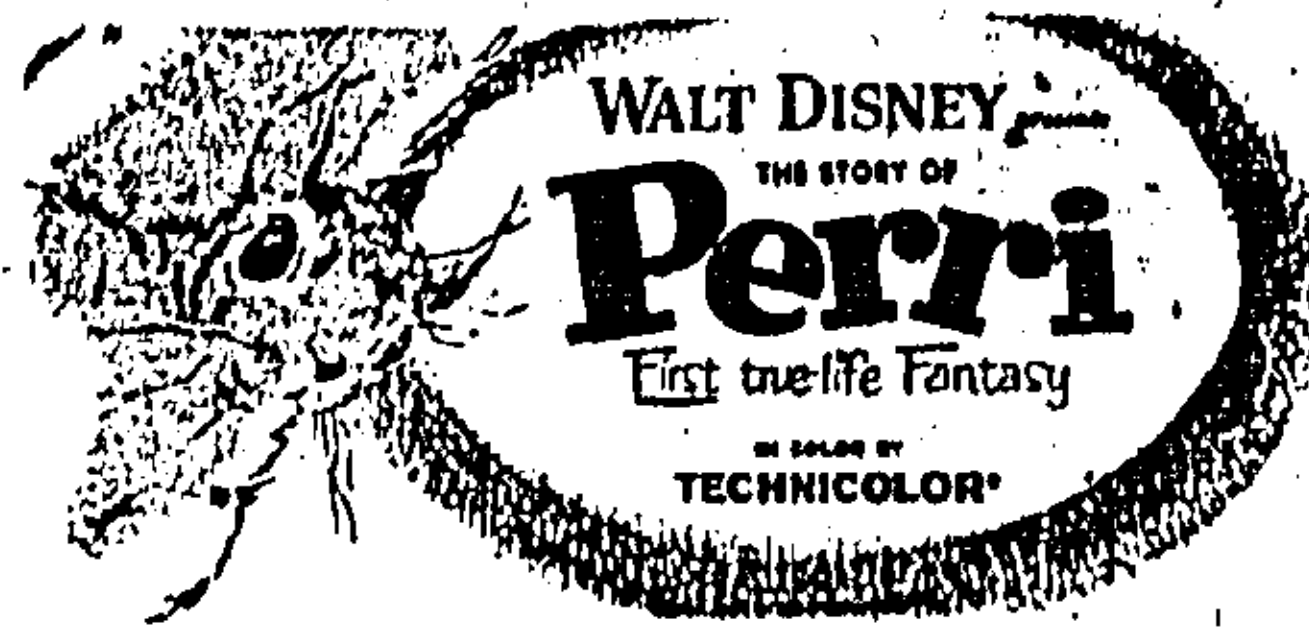


ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd SENSATIONAL WEEK
NOW SHOWING THE 8th DAY!
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

★ "SUPERIOR!" ★

Rating by "MOTION PICTURE HERALD"



Specially Added: Cinemascope Short Subject
"SAMOA ISLAND" in Color

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow,

Extra Performance of "PERRI"

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

ROXY & BROADWAY: FREE COCA-COLA TO ALL PATRONS TO-MORROW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon & 2.30 p.m. Performances ONLY

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m., 12.15 & 2.30 p.m.

Performances ONLY

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 11.00 a.m.

WALT DISNEY'S TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ NEXT CHANGE ★

Return Engagement • By Popular Demand

THE BEST ACTRESS OF 1958, SUSAN HAYWARD in Her Academy Oscar Winner "I WANT TO LIVE!"

SUSAN HAYWARD

in the true story of Barbara Graham—whose murder trial shocked the world!

AIR-CONDITIONED
STAR METROPOLE

2nd Glorious Week

NOW SHOWING THE 10th DAY!
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

THE YEAR'S MOST HONORED PICTURE FROM U.A.I.

Voted by "Film Daily" as ONE of
THE TEN BEST OF 1958!

2-ACADEMY-OSCAR Awarded for
BEST SCREENPLAY
(Nathan E. Douglas &
Harold Jacob Smith)
BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY (B. & W.)
(Sam Leavitt)

P.L.U.S.
8 VARIOUS AWARDS FROM LEADING MAGAZINES
AND MAJOR SOCIAL CONCERNS
THROUGHOUT EUROPE & AMERICA!

CHAINED FURY!



HONGKONG CENSORBOARD REMARKS:
NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN!

ADMISSION: Logo \$3.50, Dress Circle \$3.00,
Back Stall \$2.40, Middle Stall \$1.70,
& Front Stall \$1.20.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

UNIVERSAL M. G. M.

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.15 p.m. 20th Century-Fox presents

In Cinemascope & Color

"ANASTASIA"

Starring: Ingrid BERGMAN • Yul BRYNNER

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

The Back-Seat Driver
Moves Up Front

New York.

A growing hobby among the U.S. motor-
ing set puts the lady back-seat
driver up front.

The result will be a sharp increase in the divorce
rate, humorously predicted one male hobbyist,
who currently is happily wed.
Sports car rallies, long a pastime in Europe, have spread
to America.

For the information of those
who have not participated in this
sport, a rally is a contest in
which the driver and navigator
of a sports car pit their skills
against a driving course outlined
to the second by one of the
numerous sports car clubs.

The aim of the rallyists is to
travel a given distance in pre-
scribed time and at prescribed
speed. The reward, in addition
to the fun, usually is a cup or
other trophy.

A rally may be as short as
four hours on a Sunday after-
noon or as long as 3,000
miles over a four-week period.
But to stay within the pre-
scribed limits on time and

distance requires detailed mathe-
matical calculation and this is
where the little woman usually
comes in, as "navigator."

Driving Easier

"Keeping the family budget is
much easier," sighed Mrs John C.
Conover, a young New York
wife.

Her husband, executive direc-
tor of the trade group, the Con-
and Brasserie Association, re-
cently acquired a British sports
car.

He promptly joined a sports
car club, started on their rallies,
and recruited her as assistant.

"I'll admit the driver has
much the easier job," said
Conover. "I know. As an old
navy man, I have been both
pilot and navigator."

"I can see it now," he added
good-naturedly. "As the rallies
get more popular, there will be
more lost tempers... separa-
tions... divorces."

Squabbles

Although husband and wife, or
boy friend and girl friend, may
squabble over the way they
finished in a rally (the mistakes
are always hers of course), they
go right on with their pastime.

Alan F. Bethell, former racing
car driver and now
president of Britain's Stand-
ard Motor Co., esti-
mated that between 50,000 and
80,000 sports cars now are
imported yearly.

"Rallies are for more than
just fun," said Bethell. "They
call for precision driving.
They're safety contests too. The
rallyist who violates any traffic
law is disqualified immediately
by his club. There are hidden
observers all along the route."

"Rallyists come in all ages.
We have heard of some in
their 70's. But the average
couple seems to be in the
mid-thirties."

Equipment

Standard equipment for the
navigator are the route map
given at the start of a rally by
the sports car club; at least two
stop watches, one for clocking
the total time in covering the
route, the other to check time
for covering each leg or lap;

computation sheets; a clipboard
for holding them; printed tables
of distances covered at various
speeds and, as an adjunct to this,
a circular slide rule for fast
figuring.

"And," said Mrs Conover,
navigator, "in my case, a com-
pass when I really get lost."

"I would say from my ob-
servation of rallyists," said
Bethell, "that the most im-
portant equipment is general
agreement between husband
and wife on who is driving
and who is navigating."

U.P.I.

Public Shame
For Hooligans

Worried — like police in every other part of the world
— by increasing hooliganism among youths, the Athens
police have hit on a new idea for punishment. This picture
shows how it worked on two "Teddy-boys", 19-year-old
Nicholas Diamantidakis (left) and 21-year-old Constantine
Stavros. Heads shaved, they were forced to parade through
the streets of Athens' Kifissia suburb bearing placards saying:
"I'm an ass, a Teddy Boy." Nicholas and Constantine were
arrested for insulting an old man and his niece.—Express
Photo.

FAMOUS SKID
ROW IS
ON THE SKIDS

New York.

The Bowery is on the skids as America's most
notorious skid row.
Prosperity is making the old street so respectable it might
even get a new name.

The Bowery has been
either famous or infamous
ever since it was estab-
lished.

It started as an Indian trail.
Then it was the road to Peter
Stuyvesant's country estate,
"The Bouwerie," which is how
it got its name.

George Washington's troops
marched over the Bowery. Later
it was the scene of America's
first theatrical triumphs, of street
music, shopping and wining and
dining.

"After the turn-of-the-century,
when city life moved uptown,
the Bowery fell into disrepute.
It became more famous for
sloshouses and slosheries,
than anything else."

Touting
buses began including The
Bowery as a sight to be seen.
Barber colleges offered 15-cent
haircuts. Stolen clothing was
hawked at the curb as "second-
hand."

Skid Row

The scene of Lola Montez'
American triumphs of the 1850's,
of some of P.T. Barnum's biggest
successes with the suckers and
of the first stage version of
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" became a
skid row, complete with fake
"auction rooms, cheap burlesque
houses, 6-cent whisky ap-
plied with knockout drops and sensa-
tional dime museums.

People began to sing "The
Bowery. The Bowery I'll
never go there any more."
Times kept right on changing,
and The Bowery changed with
them.

Today, this 17-block long,
lower East Side Street that runs
south from Third Avenue and
into Park Row, is facing a multi-
million dollar face lifting.

Super-Block

Down will come the seedy
tenement houses, flop joints and
ramshackle storefronts.

Up will go a huge super-block
of buildings to house small in-
dustry and privately financed
apartments, many of them co-
operatives.

Cooper Union, one of the
nation's oldest colleges, is

putting up a new building at
the head of The Bowery.
Other structures are due to go
up and many of the remaining
old ones will be remodelled.—
U.P.I.

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born elegance. When next you try to analyse that quiet distinction beyond-
price, study its elements one by one. Look, for instance, at the watch. You'll
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'They appreciate the design and quality that have made Rolex Swiss-
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Into London the other day—via the North Pole and Copenhagen—New Italian-born Hollywood star Piaf. And with her—in defiance of a ban on taking him out of the US imposed by a Los Angeles court—was her three-year-old son Perry. The court order was applied for by Piaf's ex-husband, singer Vic Damone, who claimed that taking Perry out of the country infringed the visiting rights granted to him under their divorce settlement last December. Piaf, who is in Europe to make a film, "SOS Pacific", in the Canaries with Eva Bartok and Richard Attenborough, said: "It was a terrible thing to do to any mother. A baby belongs by his mother's side. I don't think you could ever make a charge of kidnapping against any mother who just takes care of her child." Seen in London—Sister Marisa Pavan (left), Piaf and Perry.



RIGHT: Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Music, looking at the wreaths on Handel's grave in Westminster Abbey, laid in commemoration of the bicentenary of the Anglo-German composer's death. The wreath at the head of the stone was laid early in the morning by the German Ambassador.



ABOVE: A wife for each day of the week is the theme of a new musical which opened recently at the Manchester Palace Theatre. Over £22,000 has been poured into the show, "One Girl A Day," and the producer hopes to interest Broadway in it. Hero of the play is All Day, played by American singer Lester Ferguson, and his once-a-week wives are seen here: Left to right, Shi-Na, Sonya Cordreau, Agnes Bernelle, Lola Rand, Lisa Postl, Pamela Dennis, Anita Ortega.



ABOVE: Miss Z. Mourzanova and Mr V. Federov, two members of a Soviet delegation representing the zinc industry now visiting Britain, inspect a zinc casting—one of the largest yet made in Britain—shown them by Mr Stubbs, director of the Zinc Development Association.

A SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS AIRMAILED FROM BRITAIN

BELOW: Macmillan and French Prime Minister Michel Debre after his arrival at Northolt Airport for his first talks in Britain with the British Government. He was accompanied by his Foreign Minister M. Couve de Murville.



ABOVE: It was wet. Too wet for the horses who were starting, too wet for the riders, too wet for the rain-soaked, mackintosh-ed spectators. But it wasn't wet enough to keep the Queen away from the first day of the British Horse Society Trials at Badminton, major event of the year for British devotees (and the Queen is certainly one) of equestrianism. Picture shows the Queen, holding an umbrella, walking to the marquee to watch the dressage tests. On the right is the Duke of Beaufort, who holds the proud medieval title of Master of the Queen's Horse.



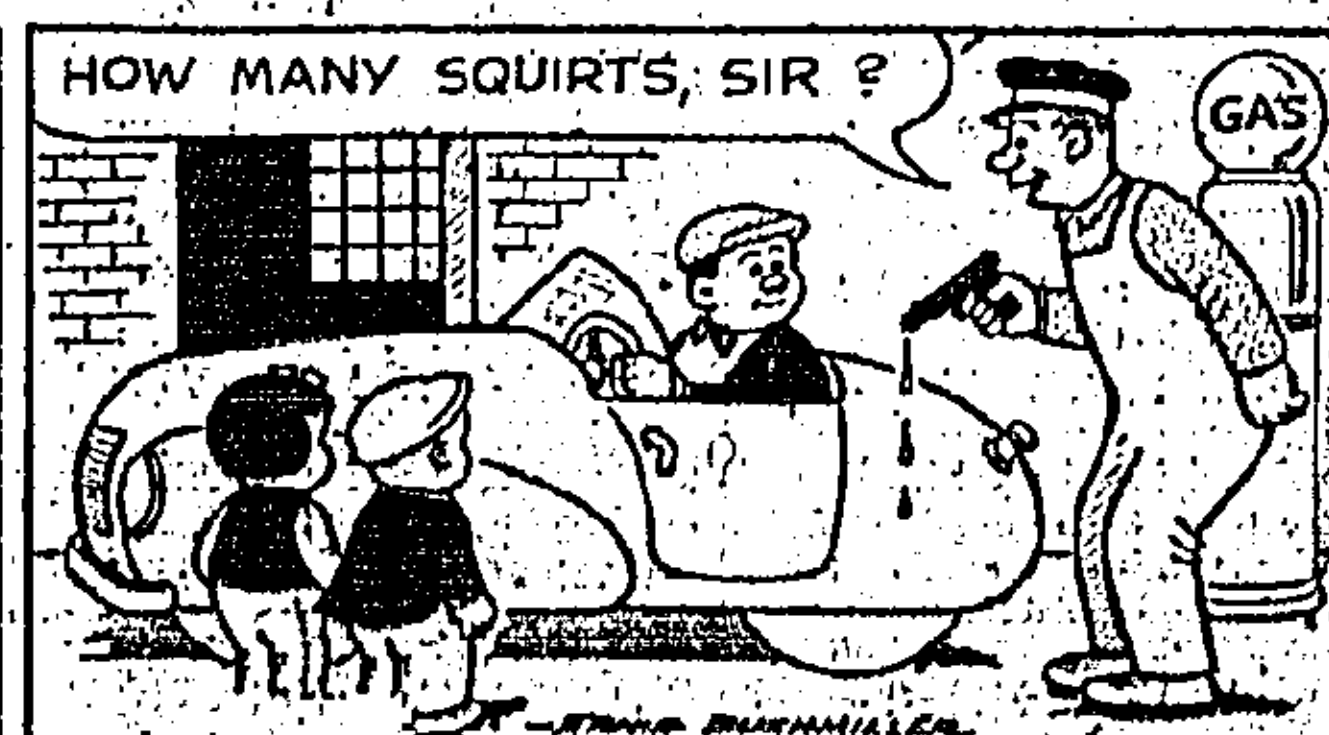
LEFT: After her recent whirlwind wedding, sandwiched between TV rehearsals, in New York, Diana Dora and comedian-husband Dickie Dawson are honeymooning on Diana's farm at Billingshurst, Sussex. Diana told interviewers when she arrived in Britain her "natural" personal ambition now was to settle on the farm, raise a family. Seen in the farmhouse door: Diana, Dickie, and her father, Mr Peter Fluck.

BELOW: A surprise visitor slipped into Julie Andrews' dressing room 10 minutes after the curtain fell on "My Fair Lady" recently—and proceeded to book up most of her free time until her wedding next month to stage designer Tony Walton. For the visitor was Royal portrait painter Pietro Annigoni, of Florence, who has been commissioned to paint her portrait by her manager Charles Tucker. Picture shows: Julie meeting Annigoni in her dressing room.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREE'S

THE MILK CHOCOLATE THAT'S DIFFERENT!

DID IT HAPPEN?

I THINK it was in the early spring of 1930, or it may have been '29, that I arrived in Paris after a protracted skiing holiday in the Tyrol, and looked in for a drink at the Ritz Bar.

It is said that it is impossible to sit there long without meeting a friend, and, I suppose, that was even truer in those carefree days before we were all shackled by currency restrictions than it is now.

I was pleased rather than surprised therefore when I saw Angela O'Connor sitting at a corner table sipping one of dear old Frank, the barman's very dry martini.

She was even more pleased when she told me that she was alone and like myself, just passing through Paris.

"I'm leaving on the morning train tomorrow," she said. "I'm afraid not," I told her. "You see, I'm flying. But why not join me? It's so much quicker."

"Nothing would induce me to," she said emphatically. "I've never flown and I never will."

It was late that night while we were sitting over our coffee and brandy at Maxim's that she changed her mind.

"One should try everything once," she declared, with a suspended, certain bravado. "Let's drink to my first flight."

I don't think she would have been able to get a seat on the plane at the last minute except for the fact that several passengers cancelled their flights when the booking clerk announced that owing to bad weather the Hannibal was to be replaced by a smaller plane.

"That's a bit of luck," I said, as I watched an elderly American couple make tracks for the door. But Angela looked unconvinced and gave a little shiver. "Is it safe?" she asked.

She repeated that question more than once on the bus drive out to Le Bourget, and by the time we arrived at the airport, she was obviously regretting having surrendered her comfortable corner seat on the train.

I confess that I didn't entirely blame her for the weather was vile that morning, with low grey rain clouds racing overhead, driven by a blustery wind that snatched at the plane and rocked it as we climbed aboard.

Angela was a hands in Juncosque creature with large feet and slightly prominent teeth; in fact, the Frenchman's conception of the typical Englishwoman.

It was a Handley-Page biplane, and we had the two front seats on either side of the narrow gangway immediately behind the pilot and his assistant.

When I had settled myself, I glanced across at Angela and was horrified to see that her face was deathly pale and her scarlet lips were trembling.

Looking hurriedly away and took refuge behind my paper.



She shook herself free. "I must get out."

FIRST FLIGHT

by Anthony Heckstall-Smith

ANTHONY HECKSTALL-SMITH was editor of Fleet Street as a pecking journalist. During the war he served in the RNVR, was awarded the DSC and was three times mentioned in despatches.

He wrote the highly controversial play, *Juggernaut*, before the war. His new novel, *Murder on the Brain*, will be published shortly.

A moment later, just before the mechanics started swinging the propellers, I heard her fumbling in her handbag and saw her take out her cigarette case.

"You can't smoke!" I told her in a shocked voice. She looked at me despairingly, her eyes wide with fear.

"Tony, I can't face this! I really and truly can't!" she whispered.

"Don't be ridiculous!" I laughed. "You can't possibly change your mind now. It's too late." And as if to prove my point, one of the engines roared to life.

Near panic

I felt Angela clutching at my arm. "It's no good. I must get out—I must!" she said breathlessly.

"It's too late. We'll be off in a minute," I shouted, and then looked nervously over my shoulder at the two rows of passengers behind me.

For some reason the second motor was proving refractory and I could see one of the ground staff gesticulating to the pilot, while the wind tore at the white coveralls of the mechanic struggling to swing the four-bladed propeller.

Secretly cursing the delay, I glanced surreptitiously at Angela, and with a stab of embarrassment saw she was clapping her rosary and praying fervently. I don't know why, but at the sight of her painted muttering lips I was gripped by a sense of near-panic.

All at once the rocking, vibrating plane seemed but a flimsy contraption of wood and canvas

boxing me in, so that I was overwhelmed by an awful claustrophobia. Furiously, I told myself I was a fool to allow a silly, nervous woman to scare me. Shutting my eyes and longing for the motor to start, I determined not to look at Angela again until we were airborne.

I felt her fur coat crush against my cheek and opening my eyes I was astonished and appalled to see her standing up facing the rest of the passengers. As she started down the gangway, I grabbed at her sleeve.

"For God's sake, sit down!" I said angrily.

She shook herself free. "I must get out! I don't, I—I shall go mad! I shall go mad!" she shrieked.

It was useless to reason with her; useless to keep bleating that it was too late to get off. I could see that she was on the very edge of hysterics.

Frenzied weeping

Jumping from my seat, I dragged her away from the door, pushing her into the lap of an elderly, bearded Frenchman. "Will you get her off! Wait there!" I yelled.

Somewhat, I found the copilot. "The lady with me is ill," I stammered. "She's never flown before, and I'm afraid she'll have hysterics if you don't let us off."

If he suspected that I was exaggerating, one look at the frenzied Angela weeping on the Frenchman's shoulder, must have been enough to convince him that she was in no fit state to make the flight.

But it was with an air of cold disapproval that he consented to open the door for us, and I couldn't help but agree with him when he remarked that Angela should not have elected to make her first flight in bad weather.

I must say, I was furious with her when she announced at the top of her voice that she had had a sudden premonition that the aeroplane would never reach Croydon. And when she repeated this statement in the bar at Le Bourget I rounded on her, telling her she was a fool.

Ghastly feeling

"Just imagine how those other poor devils must have felt!" I said, as we watched the aeroplane take off.

"It'll never reach London, Tony. I know it," she insisted. "Since when have you become a clairvoyant?" I asked witheringly.

She admitted that she had no pretensions to being psychic, but had a sudden, ghastly feeling that something was going to happen to the plane," she said, swallowing the stiff brandy I had ordered for her.

We drove back to the Avenue de l'Opera, where I shamefacedly told the booking clerk what had happened. Then, leaving our luggage at the office, we went to luncheon at Franter's.

Our nerves and tempers soothed by a sole bonne femme and a bottle of wine we returned to the office to pick up our suitcases in time to catch the afternoon train for London.

Another clerk was on duty. "Excuse me, sir, but were you one of the passengers who left the aeroplane for London this morning?" he inquired.

"Yes," I told him.

"Might I have your name, and the name of the lady?"

"Certainly. But why?" I queried.

"We have to check our passenger list. Unfortunately, the aeroplane crashed near Abbeville, sir. There were no survivors."

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES | NO

ANSWER ON PAGE 18

(London Express Service)

Mac's Message

THERE are times when some of us who are engaged in politics wonder if the British system of Government is as superior to the American as we think. In fact has not the world scene altered so sharply in the last few years that the British would be wise to set up a committee of enquiry into the whole question of Parliamentary Government under modern conditions?

London Letter

by SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

Just for a moment let us contrast the situation of the American President vis-a-vis the British Prime Minister. A few years ago in Washington I had arranged to meet President Truman at the White House but as it happened he had made his annual "State of the Union" Speech on the previous evening with the result that the morning newspapers were calling for his blood. In the circumstances he would almost certainly cancel my appointment or at best, give me five minutes of polite talk.

But sharp on time I was ushered into his presence and he greeted me with the smile of a man who had so little to do that he was quite glad to have a visitor. Yet he was within a few weeks of facing his last election.

"Mr. President," I said, "you surprise me. I expected to find your desk littered with press clippings and that you would either have cancelled my appointment or thrown me out after five minutes."

Again he smiled. "You must have been reading my press notices. Are they very bad?" "They were savage," I answered.

Mr. Truman chuckled. "I knew what the newspaper boys would be saying this morning. In fact if any of them stuck I could have written their editorials for them. Then he took my offer and led me to a globe of the world on a swivel.

"General Eisenhower gave me that," he said. He pointed to Korea. "That's where our next trouble is coming from."

★ ★ ★

The following day lunching with the editors of the New York Times I predicted that Truman, then on the eve of the election, would be the next President. The City Editor laughed so hard that he actually fell out of his chair. But that is part of the charm of Americans. Their emotions so frequently rule their judgment.

My purpose in recalling that talk with Mr. Truman is to contrast the treatment of an American President as compared with Harold Macmillan today. At any time the Prime Minister has to face the Grand Inquest of the nation when for the first hour of each day's Parliamentary sitting (except on Fridays) the Ministers must meet the onslaught of Question Time.

The questions are printed and numbered so that Mr. Speaker calls "Mr. Smith, who merely says: 'Number eighteen to the Prime Minister' or whatever Minister is involved. Admittedly the Minister has been briefed and gives the answer from his notes. But then the fun begins.

"Arising from the Prime Minister's reply" says the M.P. Is it not a fact that he is avoiding the real issue and therefore may I ask him if he will not now make clear... etc. and so on. It is an unrelenting duel of wits in which the Prime Minister has to be on guard for every thrust of his adversary.

At regular and irregular intervals the Prime Minister presides over the meetings of the cabinet. He has to discuss taxation matters with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has to confer with the Foreign Secretary on the world crisis of the moment, and he has to talk with the President of the Board of Trade about Anglo-Canadian trade difficulties. Then there are Guildhall banquets and so on ad infinitum.

★ ★ ★

But the biggest strain of all is the new technique of foreign affairs. Not very long ago before the aeroplane abolished distance, the visit abroad of a Prime Minister gave him the rest and enjoyment of a sea voyage, at the very least a Channel crossing. Now he is launched into space like a guided missile and has no time to relax or orientate his mind to the situation involved.

Consider for a moment the strain as well as the risk of Harold Macmillan's recent visit to Moscow. Supposing Khrushchev had decided to ridicule him, not openly, but by making him a completely secondary figure. The little dictator, supported by a servile press, could even have absented himself at this or that official function, while pleading the excuse of urgent affairs.

Or supposing Khrushchev had decided to tour the streets and

show Macmillan to the crowds as if he were a tame lion in a cage. If this seems an unworthy thought, let me assure you that the Prime Minister was warned that the Russian dictator might well be affronted if too much fuss was made about the visitor from Britain.

In the first Moscow meetings, there was a genuine fear that Khrushchev would confine the programme to top level conversations and visits to industrial plants in order to show that Russia was all powerful in the weapons of peace as well as the weapons of war.

★ ★ ★

There were rumours at the time that Macmillan was not particularly pleased with the programme that Khrushchev had prepared for him. Merely to be taken around Moscow like a V.I.P., to see and praise the achievements of a Communist regime was not at all what Macmillan intended. He had taken the risk of a calculated affront, of a possible breakdown in such talks as had been arranged and eventually a retreat from Moscow only less unpleasant than that of Napoleon.

But being a man of sensitivity and imagination Macmillan recognised that Khrushchev had to present himself to his own people as the "gracious, all powerful dictator who was anxious that Britain's Prime Minister should be allowed to see the splendours of Communist achievement. On the other hand Macmillan was determined not to play the role of an ardent admirer envious of Soviet success.

Therefore it is not surprising that the tension grew more acute as the visit progressed. Actually there was a moment when it seemed that Macmillan would abort his visit and return to London. In fact he refused to play the performing bear which dances at the command of his masters. The Moscow newspaper began to resume their usual denigration of the West, and there were threats that Russia would not even discuss the future of East Germany. Inevitably a lot of people in Britain said that the Prime Minister should never have gone to Moscow.

★ ★ ★

Then something happened towards the end of the visit. It was announced that the British Prime Minister would speak on television and radio to the Russian people. The time allotted was ten minutes—but I imagine that the limitation of time was set by Macmillan himself.

Give credit where it is due. The Russian dictator presented the British Prime Minister with the freedom of the air.

Not even Winston Churchill at his greatest heights possessed a more sensitive understanding of his task than Harold Macmillan. Slowly, and without bombast, Macmillan spoke to the Russian people who had crowded everywhere to see and to hear him.

Briefly he emphasised British achievements in science, medicine and industry, punctuating the discourse

with statistics for a people who have been suckled on them. Then with quiet dignity he told of Britain's mighty heritage of Justice and Parliamentary freedom.

He was speaking from a cleverly prepared script—and who wrote it? The author was Harold Macmillan, publisher and Premier. "We did," said Macmillan. "We had television thirty years ago."

What was the setting in which the Prime Minister delivered his pregnant words? It was nothing more than a routine room in a Moscow radio station, with a background of the Union Jack and the Soviet flag and a plain desk. Not once did the Prime Minister show any sign of fatigue although he had been under endless strain for hours without end.

But the night's work was not all that he did in the 24-hour period. Previous to it he had gone to a long diplomatic reception at the Kremlin where he shook hands with hundreds of people and listened to a very long concert. Not only is it tough at the top but you've got to be mighty tough to stay there.

Strangely enough there are some voices in Britain who have chosen this moment to remind us that Neville Chamberlain went to Munich—and look what happened then! But there is this difference. Chamberlain spoke for a Britain that was almost unarmed, whereas Macmillan speaks for a Britain that is armed for the battle of arms or the battle of peace.

★ ★ ★

As with Chamberlain there may come a time when, looking back over their shoulders, people will say that Macmillan did another Munich. In my opinion such people will be nothing more than idiots howling at the moon.

The cold war of Communism vs. Freedom will not be thawed by the Prime Minister's visit, but Macmillan has demonstrated to the Russians that it is possible to have freedom with discipline under a democratic system of Government.

The problems ahead are fraught with danger and embittered with ignorance but the Prime Minister of Britain has pierced the Iron Curtain and lit a candle that spreads its rays in a darkening world.

At the beginning of this London Letter I posed the question as to whether there should be a committee to decide whether or not our Parliamentary system ought to be altered so as to achieve a greater efficiency and a higher degree of democracy.

Certainly Parliament should come under constant scrutiny to ensure that it keeps its procedure modern even though it is based on the wisdom of the past.

But let us be careful that we are not bemused by the shiny efficiency of the totalitarian state. Autocracy, at any given moment, is more efficient than democracy. Yet in the end it is democracy that prevails because it is based on the freedom of the mind, the body, and the spirit.

That is the message that Macmillan took to Moscow.



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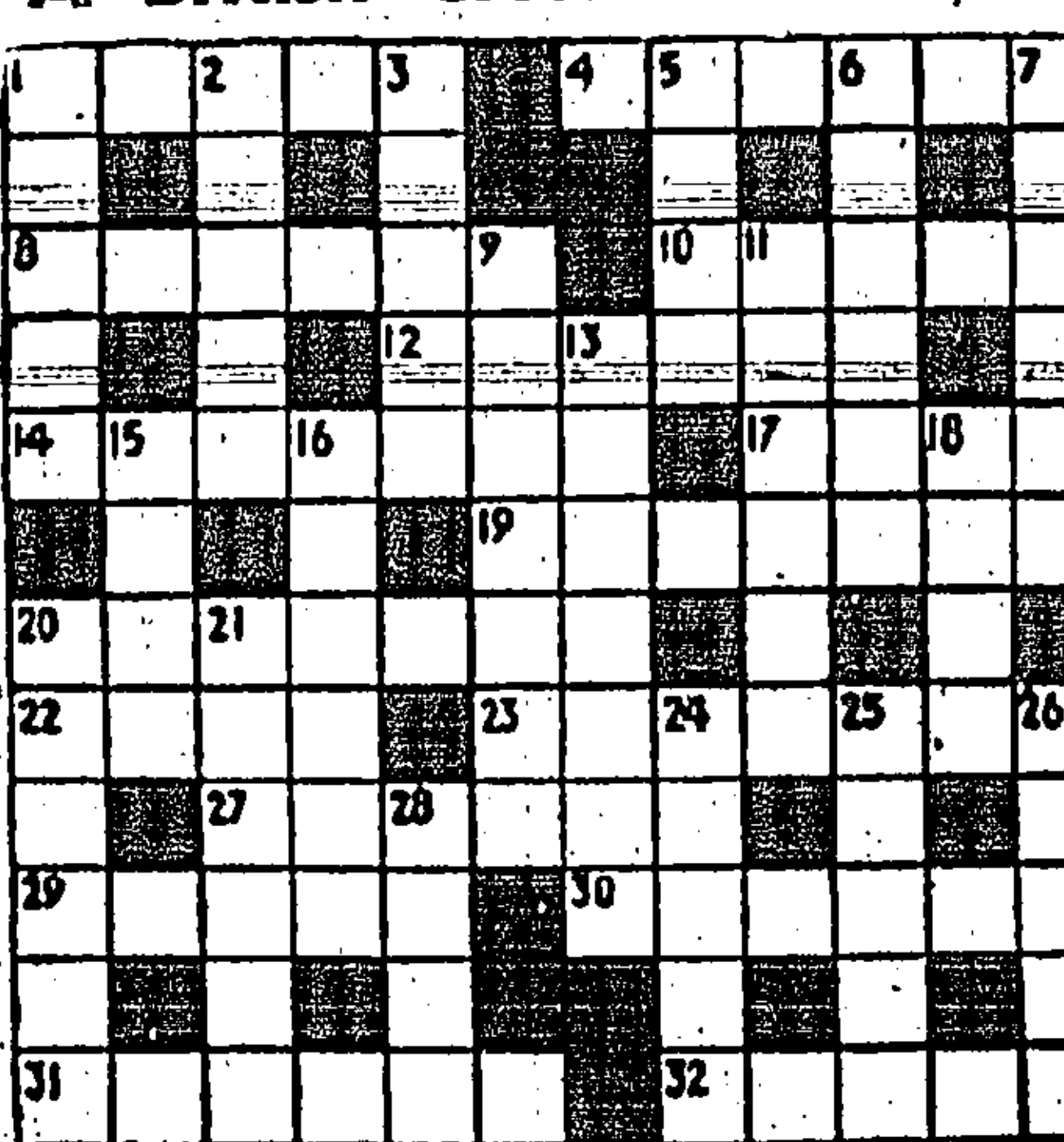
Don't Mr. Piffier, just a time to say what a wonderful trip I had in Geneva.

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A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Pitt (6).
- 4 Flery particles (10).
- 8 Hang around (6).
- 10 Be repented (5).
- 12 Mock (6).
- 14 See (7).
- 17 One of royal race of Peru (4).
- 10 Chosen by vote (7).
- 22 Litter (7).
- 22 Towards shelter (4).
- 23 Slaves (7).
- 27 Stop (6).
- 28 Dance (6).
- 30 Fur (6).
- 31 Fears (6).
- 32 Destroy (5).

DOWN

- 1 Substantial (5).
- 2 Fruit (5).
- 3 Vegetable (5).
- 5 Nymph (4).
- 8 Not long past (6).
- 7 Extend (6).
- 9 Caution (7).
- 11 Proclamations (6).
- 13 Set free (7).
- 15 Object of worship (4).
- 16 Audies (6).
- 18 Prison room (4).
- 20 Hewed (6).
- 21 Indian corn (6).
- 24 Scatter (6).
- 26 Spry (5).
- 28 Glossy (5).
- 29 Tear (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Endorsed, 8 Idea, 9 Mastered, 11 Competer, 13 Meis, 16 Composed, 18 Narrated, 19 Arms, 21 Relevant, 23 Diffused, 26 Tour, 27 Dissent, Down: 1 Disc, 2 Term, 4 Neat, 5 Gate, 6 Sore, 7 Dudes, 9 Melon, 10 Sewer, 12 Odour, 14 Shrew, 16 Beyer, 17 Dried, 19 Alled, 20 Plume, 21 Rude, 22 Left, 23 Agos, 24 Torz.

PREPARATION FOR THE FLIGHT

HE stands five foot eleven in his stockinged feet, weighs an even 13 stone in his underwear. His skin is dark and tanned, his eyes and hair brown. You would never pick him out of a crowd. But he is the first man to land on the moon.

We will call him Rogers, James Rogers. The name doesn't matter. Everything else about him does matter — very much.

It is no accident that he is five-eleven, that he weighs 13 stone. Standardised men are needed to fit standardised equipment — and no one knows until a few hours before who will be chosen for the trip.

His skin has to be dark. Dark-skinned men are less susceptible to various kinds of skin irritation.

He is 26, physically nearing the maximum age for this kind of work, but, mentally, the minimum age for the kind of peace and absolute emotional stability that are just as essential.

Rogers did not put himself forward for the job. Any man who did might care too much about the outcome and so break down during training.

SELECTED

He was selected along with a hundred others who trained with him for a year, any one of whom might have been the man chosen at the last moment. All of them had about the same qualifications. They were professional pilots, university graduates with science degrees, men of above average intelligence but not brilliant. Skilled but not specialists. Brilliant men are usually too sensitive, specialists too likely to want to run the show for themselves.

They were asked to volunteer.

They were not told when the day of the flight would be and given no clue as to who would be chosen. Someone might have become too excited, and excitement can be fatal.

Every possible exigency was gone through in their training.

They spent weeks in "space cages" with no light and no one to talk to. Their air was purified by tiny algae plants, a technique developed back in 1950 by experimenters in Denver, Colorado.

They were precipitated at fast speeds along tracks on rocket sleds to simulate the conditions of take-off and landing in a rocket which, if the most realistic technique for getting to the moon were finally decided upon, might approach 20,000 miles an hour.

They were literally "blown up" to simulate conditions which would occur if the rocket disintegrated in take-off, and they were thrown clear and parachuted to earth in the small cage designed for the purpose.

Practice landings were attempted in jungles, in arctic tundras and in deserts, while the global communications system designed to bring the moonman

back in double-quick time were tried out. Survival tests under every condition were carried out. No one knew where the moonman might land on his way back. It was not even worth thinking about what would happen if something went really wrong on the moon.

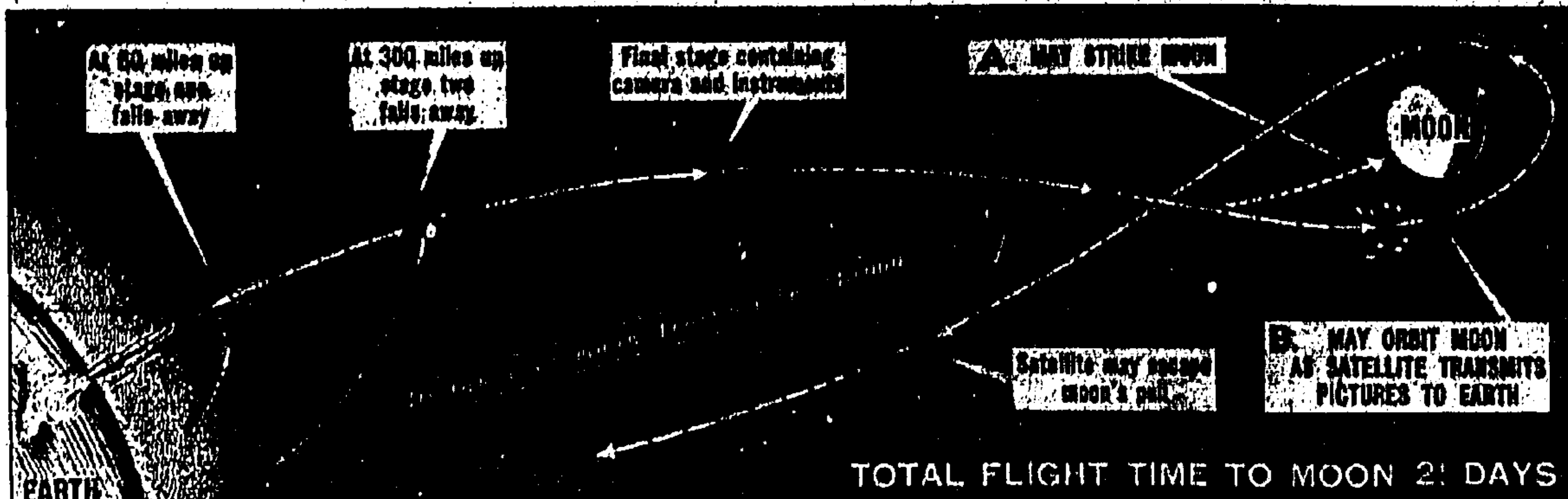
But most of all, the aspiring moonmen were watched.

None of them was married. Any man who showed any sign of even thinking about getting engaged was dropped from the list.

CLOSE TIES

None had any close ties, any overriding interest. Fanatics are too dangerous.

All this had been standard drill since the early U.S. civilian space agency first planned to send a man into space. Tests conducted in 1958 had shown that middle-aged women, with no ties at all, survived best—i.e. had fewest signs of nerves, panic, or even tension—in the dangerous space cages where there was nothing to do but wait and eat. Physical stamina and public policy, however, dictated the use of men.



MAN ON THE MOON

PART ONE—by John Maclean

IN your lifetime a human being may land on the moon. Operation Moon-flight has emerged from the realms of science fiction. Almost every field of science will make its contribution to the greatest journey in the history of mankind. And from the millions of people on earth, one man will be chosen to make the actual flight. What sort of man will he be? What will he see and hear and feel? How long can he expect to stay on the moon? Based on available research material, "Man on the Moon" sets out to answer these vital questions in dramatic form. "John Maclean" is the pseudonym of a member of the faculty of a well-known American university who has access to the latest data on space travel.

None of the men had ever had a serious illness, but none, either, had ever been a professional athlete. A man who has too much exercise for too long does not fare well in cramped quarters.

All of them, had lots of friends, but none had any very close friends.

Everybody who knew James Rogers thought of him as an "ordinary Joe" and assumed that the world must be full

of men just like him. Actually, this kind of man is an exception.

The need for him, though, is obvious enough. The trip to the moon itself would be short — if all went well. But he might

have to spend a long time waiting to be rescued if anything went wrong after the landing. Or he might miss the moon and go into an orbit around the sun. Perhaps he could be rescued if something could be devised to pull him out of it — another space ship at just the right place would do the trick. But it would take a lot of time.

Then, in the awful loneliness of outer space, the temptation to pull the wrong lever and head back to earth might get overwhelming. Physical stamina and mental calm are the real requirements. Most men, probably, would have rebelled at the training, or gone crazy at the alternation between

wild activity and long, boring weeks of waiting, sometimes in total darkness, that it required. These men did not.

TRAINING

Nothing had been overlooked in their training.

Now their job was to sit still and wait—unless something went wrong—for the man at the radio controls to get them to the moon.

Rogers was having coffee at breakfast when they told him he was taking off in two hours.

NEXT WEEK:

Flight and Landing



"Well, why shouldn't I retire into politics, too?"
London Express Service

The defence of our way of life depends on this one piece of delicate machinery—that's why I have flown out here to get the truth about it for you

by
**CHAPMAN
PINCHER**

Hollywood. IN A CRAGGY canyon of the Santa Susana Mountains, formerly the setting for Hollywood Westerns when nothing more lethal was fired than blank bullets, I watched recently the firing of a weapon designed to destroy Moscow.

At the touch of a button an earthshaking cone of flame roared from a hole in the blackened rocks at 6,000 miles an hour.

In the three minutes it cascaded down the canyon billowing smoke and steam it could have thrust an H-bomb on an undefeatable course from Norfolk to Russia.

This was a captive test of the mighty engine for Thor, the controversial United States missile now being installed on launching pads in Britain.

IS IT ACCURATE. DOES IT FIRE FAST ENOUGH?

TO UNCOVER the true facts about Thor, still obscured by diplomatic secrecy in Britain, I have travelled 5,000 miles, visiting rocket factories, talking to United States missile chiefs, and RAF men in training here.

They put the suspect Thor deal in an entirely different light.

Far from being "just junk," as the Socialists have claimed, I can testify that Thor is now a highly reliable weapon.

Each of the eight Thors Thor is now being regularly launched on full-scale trial fuelled and launched within 20 minutes. In the event of an emergency, its payload plumb on its Russian target had it been fired from the launchers in which the missiles would be kept vertical and fuelled up.

they could be fired within two minutes.

By reducing the weight of the guidance mechanism and other parts the range of Thor is being increased above its original 1,500 miles.

WHY HAS IT GOT SUCH A BAD REPUTATION?

WHY DID so many early firings fail and earn the missile a bad name?

The answer is that the need to produce Thor was so sudden and urgent that it had to be done in three and a half years instead of the usual seven.

This extreme urgency, which has never been properly explained before, is also the real reason for the diplomatic deal which put Thor in Britain. It arose from the discovery by intelligence agents in 1954 that the Russians would have intercontinental missiles capable of hitting London or New York by 1959—years earlier than expected.

Shocked

This shocked the Americans so much that they immediately reorganised their missile programme, which had been concentrating on Atlas, a 5,600-mile-range rocket capable of hitting Russia from the United States.

Because of the severe problems imposed by such long range, Atlas could not be in sizeable production before 1961.

So to bridge the gap they switched priority to making the 1,500-mile-range Thor for being in Britain.

The British, who had no ballistic missile on the stocks, agreed. So the Americans took part of the Atlas engine, its guidance system, and other components to make Thor.

Because of the urgency, they took the gamble of starting up a

production line long before research was complete.

There is no doubt that the gamble has come off.

HOW FAR DID MACMILLAN COMMIT US?

THE AMERICANS were willing to build the £10,000,000 bases in Britain at their expense if they could run them.

But the Government realised that public opinion would object because of the fear—however unjustified—that some trigger-happy Americans might set off a rocket and bring destruction to Britain.

Concessions

So at Bermuda last year Mr Macmillan insisted that only by putting the "trigger"—the propulsion—firmly in R.A.F. hands could the bases be made acceptable.

President Eisenhower agreed but exacted two concessions.

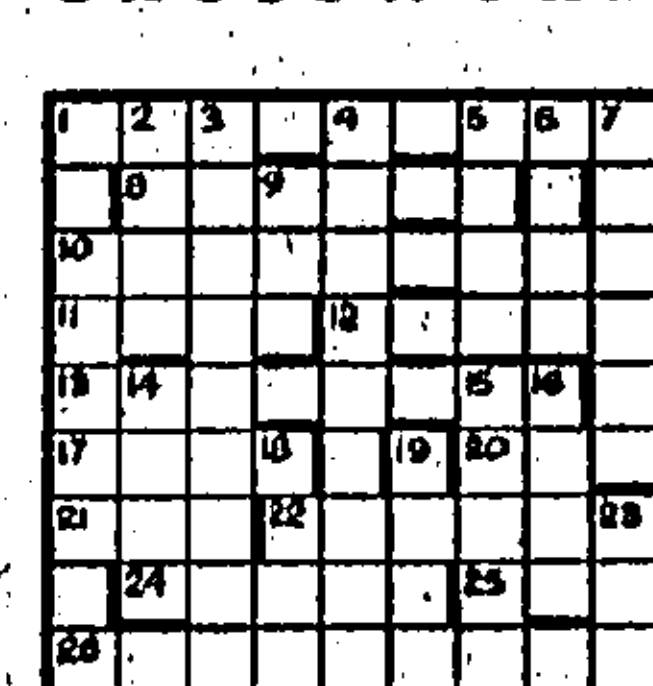
The British would have to build the bases and accommodate United States technicians who would retain control of the warheads. The R.A.F. would select the targets and command the mixed units.

Misled

Instead of making all this clear the Government has allowed the public and Parliament to assume that the United States offered to arm the R.A.F. with rockets then withheld the warheads, passed on the bill for the launching pads and imposed a veto on their use.

As a result an effective weapon, which will bridge the four-year gap before Britain's own Blumcrank is ready, has been brought into disrepute and the public has been misled over an issue vitally affecting its security.
(London Express Service)

CROSSWORD

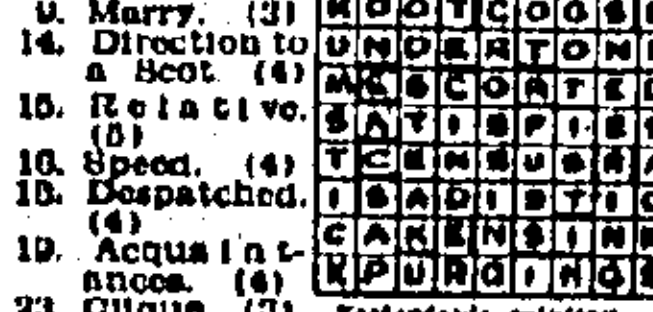


Across

1. Recompense. (6)
2. Defective. (5)
3. Study. (4)
4. Little brown. (5)
5. Flower. (6)
6. Fairy tale. (4)
7. Root. (3)
8. Point of faith. (5)
9. Protection. (4-5)

Down

1. Revolving alarm. (3)
2. Landmark. (4)
3. Back-answers. (5)
4. Part of people's characters. (4)
5. Plan. (4)
6. Cut off. (4)
7. Musical. (5)
8. Marmite. (3)
9. Direction to. (5)
10. A seat. (4)
11. Relative. (3)
12. Speed. (4)
13. Despatched. (4)
14. Acquaintance. (5)
15. Oblique. (3)



Yesterday's solution

Across

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2. Defective. (5)
3. Study. (4)
4. Little brown. (5)
5. Flower. (6)
6. Fairy tale. (4)
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9. Protection. (4-5)

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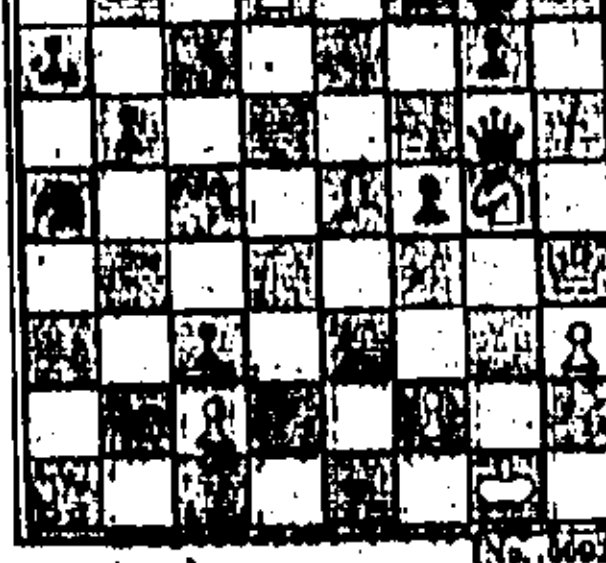
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14. Acquaintance. (5)
15. Oblique. (3)

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a position from actual play: White to move and win.
London Express Service

JUST FANCY THAT

BEFORE leaving with their loot, two masked gunmen who robbed Mr and Mrs Allan Wayne's home in Durban, South Africa, took the couple's early morning tea, and aspirins.

A GOOD East German is within his rights if he wrecks his neighbour's radio to stop him listening to Western programmes, a Potsdam civil court has ruled. It rejected a £10 claim for damages brought by a man whose set was destroyed by a neighbour who heard him listening to a Western news bulletin.

A RUSSIAN jet bomber collided with a wild duck at 18,000ft, according to the newspaper Soviet Aviation. It added: "How the duck got to such a height remains a mystery."

★ ★ ★

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

She Is Young In Heart

A WOMAN college professor who in 56 years of teaching became known for her strict discipline and helped to train 3,000 other teachers has retired with this comment:

"I'm going to buy me a sack dress then I'm going to buy a rocking chair, put some casters on it and rock and roll with the young set."

Miss Maude B. Davis, 75, is leaving Trinity University, where she has been teaching for 35 years. She retires as a full professor.

Miss Davis has been noted throughout her teaching career both in secondary schools and colleges as a strict disciplinarian. Recently, her colleagues at Trinity honoured her with a luncheon and presented her with her first television set.

"I hear there are two young fellows on television nowadays who are pretty good disciplinarians themselves," Miss Davis commented. "Now that I have a television set, I plan to study their techniques."

BEGAN AT 17

"Will someone please tell me what educational channel carries Marshall Dillon and Wyatt Earp?"

Miss Davis began her career as a country school marm in 1900 in a rural school near Waxahatchie, Tex. She was 17 at the time.

Later she joined the faculty of the Texas State College for Women and went to Trinity University as dean of women in 1923. She was dean for 22 years.

Miss Davis is known as a "teacher's teacher." She helped train 3,000 school teachers who now are helping to teach the 300,000 Texas school children.

The professor is listed in "Who's Who in America" and in "American Women." She belongs to a long list of professional and fraternal organizations.

EGYPT COPIES EUROPE



EGYPTIAN WOMEN love novel cosmetics. A case of swivel-stick blue eye shadow creates a sensation in Cairo.

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

IN two fields—beauty and fashion—oversens influence abroad was never stronger. It's a fact that's not without its disappointing aspects for the traveller.

You journey across an ocean to reach Egypt and what do you find? Mrs. Kilroy was there before you, and her clothes and make-up have been carefully copied by ladies of the local populace.

Veiled Women

Where are the native costumes, the fascinating veiled women?

Most of them are in the provinces, or can be seen on the teeming streets of Cairo's native quarter. Everywhere else, European fashion influence is evident, especially in upper and middle-class circles and with the teen-age set.

You want to know about women's rights, multiple marriages, career possibilities and housewifery problems in Egypt. But there's no chance to ask questions—you're too busy answering them.

Wait U.S. Dictum

Egyptian women seem to be waiting for European approval before adopting the French

fashion. In three weeks, only four sacks were spotted in fashion-conscious Cairo and they looked just as baggy as the ones seen in New York and Paris.

What's new in hair colouring?

Tints, rinses and colour shampoos are among the most popular cosmetics in Egypt. Naturally dark-haired (and it's beautiful) women foolishly seem bent on streaking, tipping or going blonde or auburn. It's the old feminine urge to be different.

The questions come so fast and furiously it would take a thousand and one Arabian nights to answer them.

American cosmetics, such as pressed powder, eye shadow sticks, lipsticks in glamorous changeable cases, mascara wand applicators and fancy purse perfume vials create a sensation. Present any of these items as a gift and it goes over with more of a bang than a full-length mink coat. Make-up is an expensive purchase in Egypt and popular cosmetics, when available, are most costly of all.

Natural Look

Generally speaking, Egyptian women apply make-up lightly to create a natural look. Rouge—if used at all—isn't evident. Lipstick is pink or coral, rather than brilliant red.

The beauty mistake most often noted is made with eye make-up. A number of Egyptian women load lashes with makeup and ring eyes with a heavy black pencil line. The effect is sinister and has some resemblance to the Kohl popular way back when Cleopatra was reigning belle on the Nile.

There's a definite preference in shoe styles, too. Cairo's shops display beautiful pointed-toe shoes but most women seem to wear open-backed and open-toed models.

The ladies of the land are more fashion-conscious than the men. Western fashions are worn by women whose husbands shy away from suits and sport the traditional floor-length native robe that could well have inspired French couturiers when they created the sack.

Don't Leap Into Flowers



By BARBARA GRIGGS

SPRING in the rag trade means a rash of flowers on dresses and fabrics, on bags and shoes and hats.

Few Englishwomen can resist snapping up at least one such pretty thing for their summer wardrobe.

But out and about on the streets two months or so later, the charm of these flowery prints is often seen to have faded sadly, and what look

irresistible in a shop window misses the mark on its wearer. Here, then, a few timely words of caution:

Pale, delicate flower-prints, however pretty in close-up, tend to look washed-out and indeterminate at a distance. My own acid test is to close my eyes and visualize them in burning Mediterranean sunshine; prints that don't pass this one are unlikely to look impressive in London either.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When painting wood windows, dampen strips of newspaper about two inches wide and as long as needed. Stick along the glass until you're through painting. Then peel off the paper and the glass will be free of paint.

When outside seams of handbags are worn, cover them with matching grosgrain ribbon.

Beets will be easier to peel if you douse them in cold water a second after boiling.

Spots on suede shoes or bags that won't come off with brushing can be removed this way: Lightly rub each spot with an emery board, then steam over boiling water.

If packaged water softener is used in laundering, it should be put into the wash water before adding soap. And softener in the first rinse water prevents soap curds from forming.

Mashed potatoes will look like whipped cream if hot milk is added before mashing.

For a home-made hem marker, force a knitting needle through a cork. The cork will slide easily for different hem widths.

To restore sheen to cotton chintz curtains, add a piece of wax (about the size of a walnut to a pair of curtains) to a hot starch solution. Stir in the wax thoroughly before dipping the curtains.

Add thin slices of avocado to potato salad. Dip the slices in fresh lemon juice first to prevent discoloring.

To keep frankfurters from splitting while boiling, invert a plate in the bottom of the pan.

To prevent smudging of pouring spoons or other hard-to-clean corners of utensils, cover with transparent tape. Tape also will keep recipe cards clean and will re-seal plastic food bags.

When installing a wall oven in your kitchen, put brick above the oven. It should extend

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 25

BORN today, your middle name is likely to be "Caution," and although you are determined to succeed, you are in no particular hurry about anything. You believe in that "slow and steady" will win any race. And with you it seems to work. While others are rushing around, you set a steady pace, your eyes on the goal. You are firm and just and there are times when you appear more stubborn than merely determined. Don't let this basically good characteristic deteriorate into pig-headedness.

You may appear calm and collected to outsiders, but underneath there are tempestuous fires burning. If they are not given a proper outlet, they may break out at some unexpected time. You are emotional and demonstrative in your affections when in your family group. An early marriage to someone who understands this quality in your nature could be a fine influence and bring about a balance in your life. You want "all or nothing at all" from the one you love.

Your physique is not as robust as you think it is, and you should be careful to get plenty of fresh air and exercise. Your nervous energy is high and you work at a high peak of concentration for long periods at a stretch. Learn to take time out for a change of pace. Relax at intervals and you will get more accomplished in the long run.

Among those born on this date are: Justin Edwards, reformer; Guglielmo Marconi, wireless inventor; R. A. Seligman, economist; Oliver Cromwell, English statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may now be more confident and can make a decision. The deceptive trend is disappearing.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Forget about work-a-day affairs today. Plan to rest, relax tensions and enjoy yourself.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—After your morning devotions, plan a pleasant, healthful day and rebuild physical and mental energies.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Forget all about business and your job today. Just rest and relax tensions. Rebuild energies.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Better to say nothing than to make critical remarks. Someone may be trying to draw you into an argument.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Follow your usual Sunday routine. Make future plans, but don't start anything new today.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This ends a period of uncertainty which has been plaguing you. Everything looks better.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Stick to facts, not illusions, today. You could be seriously fooled by external appearances.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Don't expect miracles today! The closer you stick to practical, matter-of-fact things, the better.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 31-Feb. 19)—Let others do the day-dreaming if they must. Decide to be practical now for the best results.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Protect your personal interests from loss and note that conditions are now improving.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't try to do anything of a business nature today. Attend usual Sunday devotions. Relax.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26

BORN today, you have vaulting ambitions and a great deal of determination. You are willing to work hard, but you fully expect your efforts to be well-rewarded. You believe that all conscientious workmanship is worthy of excellent hire! You are eminently practical. You enjoy being a power in your community; you know money can bring power—and you want money!

The stars have given you artistic talents, but it is likely that these will become submerged in your business-like personality. You probably will indulge in the arts as a hobby unless you can find a way to make them really pay.

Actually, there is another side to your personality which is quite different from the serious, executive, managerial type. You are quite a different person at home. You are much beloved by your own family, and it is there that you will display your kindly and sympathetic traits. You will do anything for those you love. And if anyone can be said to influence or "boss" you, it is the one you love. You enjoy a happy home life, love children—and will give the rest of your career-life a real meaning.

Among those born on this date are: Henry Morgenthau, banker and ambassador; Owen Williams Richardson, physicist; John James Audubon, ornithologist; Martha Finley, author of the "Elsie Dinmore" books for girls; Leonard Thompson Trotzand, inventor of colour film.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 27

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A big day for you. Seize a new opportunity for advancement and you will really get ahead.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Advance appreciably on established lines of endeavour. Finish a job already begun.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Exceptional chances for gain may be offered. Be sure you are alert to opportunities.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Now you can step up your work schedule to peak of production and get exciting results.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A banner day for you! Look before you leap—then take that immense stride toward your goal.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Keep fairly closely to routine, and if problems arise, use your best judgment to solve them.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Impulses are fun, but sometimes they lead to complications! Better to look before you leap.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Important business deals may be in the works. Balance your assets and liabilities, then decide.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Time to begin analyzing the results of the month's work, and then act accordingly.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 31-Feb. 19)—Exceptional opportunities may open up for you now. Be prepared to decide quickly.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be alert to a sudden turn-about in your affairs. You are safe if you stick to familiar routine.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Powerful influences are at work in your behalf if you know how to take full advantage of them.



EAT A GOOD BREAKFAST

"EVERY action has a corresponding reaction. This basic law of physics is certainly applicable to everyday life," remarked the Chef.

"You are right, Madame," he chuckled. "Kind remarks bring a kind and pleasant reaction, while angry words only spark angry words."

Careless Cooking

"So, too, careless cooking means poor food. Breakfast-skipping parents mean breakfast-skipping children. But breakfast-skipping children get poor marks and poor marks bring a scolding from papa and mama. Oh la la! What a chain of reactions!"

"My hope, Chef, is that today every homemaker, reading this column, will resolve to start her family off each morning with a good breakfast. That alone will bring a good reaction that will continue throughout the day."

Good Ideas

Scrambled Eggs That Don't Stick to the Pan: Break 6 grade A or B eggs into a bowl. Add 1/4 tsp salt, 1/2 tsp pepper and 1/4 c. whole milk. Beat until frothy.

In a smooth, heavy frying pan, melt 2 tbsp. butter. Do not let it brown. Turn the pan to coat all over with butter. Pour in the egg mixture.

Cook 30 sec. over a low heat or enough to slightly firm the eggs. Then, with a spoon, scrape up in big flakes, continuing until all the egg is cooked but remains in loose flakes.

When cooking plain scrambled eggs, try adding a bulky food to make them go farther and obtain interesting flavour variations.

Croton-Egg Scramble: Cut enough enriched bread into

cubecoles to make 1 1/2 c. Saute in 3 tbsp. butter or margarine until golden.

Then add 1/4 c. fried onion and the mixture for scrambled eggs. Cook as previously directed.

Vegetable-Egg Scramble: To the mixture for plain scrambled eggs, add 1 c. creamed mixed vegetables or creamed chopped onions or diced asparagus. Cook as directed.

Tomorrow's Dinner

Apple-Cabbage-Celery Slaw
Roast Beef
Pan-Roast Potatoes
or Braised Steak
and Braised Potatoes
Diced Turnips
Fresh Grape and Orange Cup
Coffee
Tea
Milk

All measurements are level, unless otherwise specified. Recipes are for 4 to 5 persons.

Braised Steak: Order 2 lbs. round steak cut 1/2 in. thick. Dust on both sides with seasoned meat tenderizer and let stand the time designated on the package.

Then cut in medium-size serving pieces. Roll in a mixture of 1/4 c. flour, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. pepper and 1/2 tsp. thyme or marjoram.

Melt 2 tbsp. savoury meat drippings in a heavy frying pan. Brown the meat on both sides. And 1 chopped peeled onion. Barely cover with boiling water.

Simmer-cook 1 hr. or until fork-tender.

Into the gravy, stir 1/2 c. undiluted evaporated milk, or dairy sour cream and heat.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Peel small white potatoes and braise in the pan with steak. Or braise them separately in 1 lb. of hot water containing 1 tbsp. butter or margarine, 2 beef bouillon cubes and 1/4 tsp. thyme or marjoram.

The liquid will largely evaporate so the potatoes can be lightly browned.

Now from Revlon to you—
an elegant 'Futurama' Lipstick Case...Free!

To introduce you to our famous 'Lustrous' Lipstick...we offer you two fashion shades and the elegant new refillable 'Futurama' case designed by Van Cleef & Arpels (world-famous jewelers)...for just the price of the lipstick alone! Smart women the world-over prefer our 'Lustrous' formula for its creamy soft feel...and the rich vibrance of exclusive Revlon colors. What better time than now for you to try it!

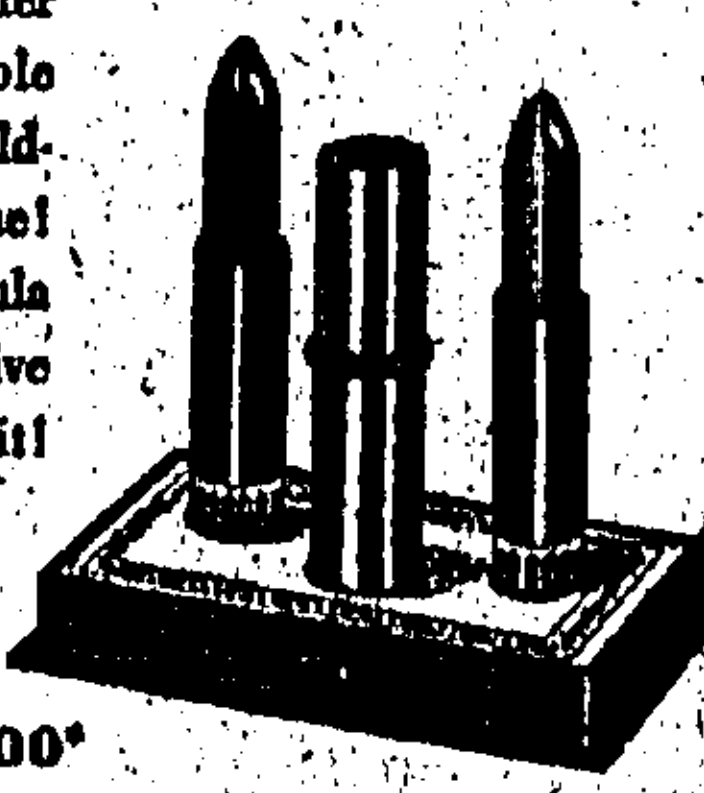


Introductory Offer! Two full size 'Lustrous'

lipsticks and the new 'Futurama' Case...

regularly HK\$ 18.90...Now only HK\$ 12.00*

(A quantity...quantities are limited!)





ABOVE: Mr A. C. Maxwell, former Commissioner of Police, seen inspecting a Hong Kong Police parade for the last time before leaving the Colony on retirement recently. He is accompanied here by Mr G. Leys, Commandant of the Police Training School.

★

RIGHT: Mr B. T. Flanagan, retired Managing Director of Mackinnon, Mackenzie & Co., Ltd. (left), who left Hongkong by the RMS Canton recently, and Mr J. A. Anderson.



ABOVE: Swami Satchidananda (left) chats with friends at a farewell party held in his honour by the Yoga Institute recently. A vegetarian dinner was served during the evening.

★ ★ ★

RIGHT: Children crowd around for their share of the milk when the World Church Service opened its eighth milk bar recently at the Wong Tai Sin Re-settlement Area, which has a population of 35,620.

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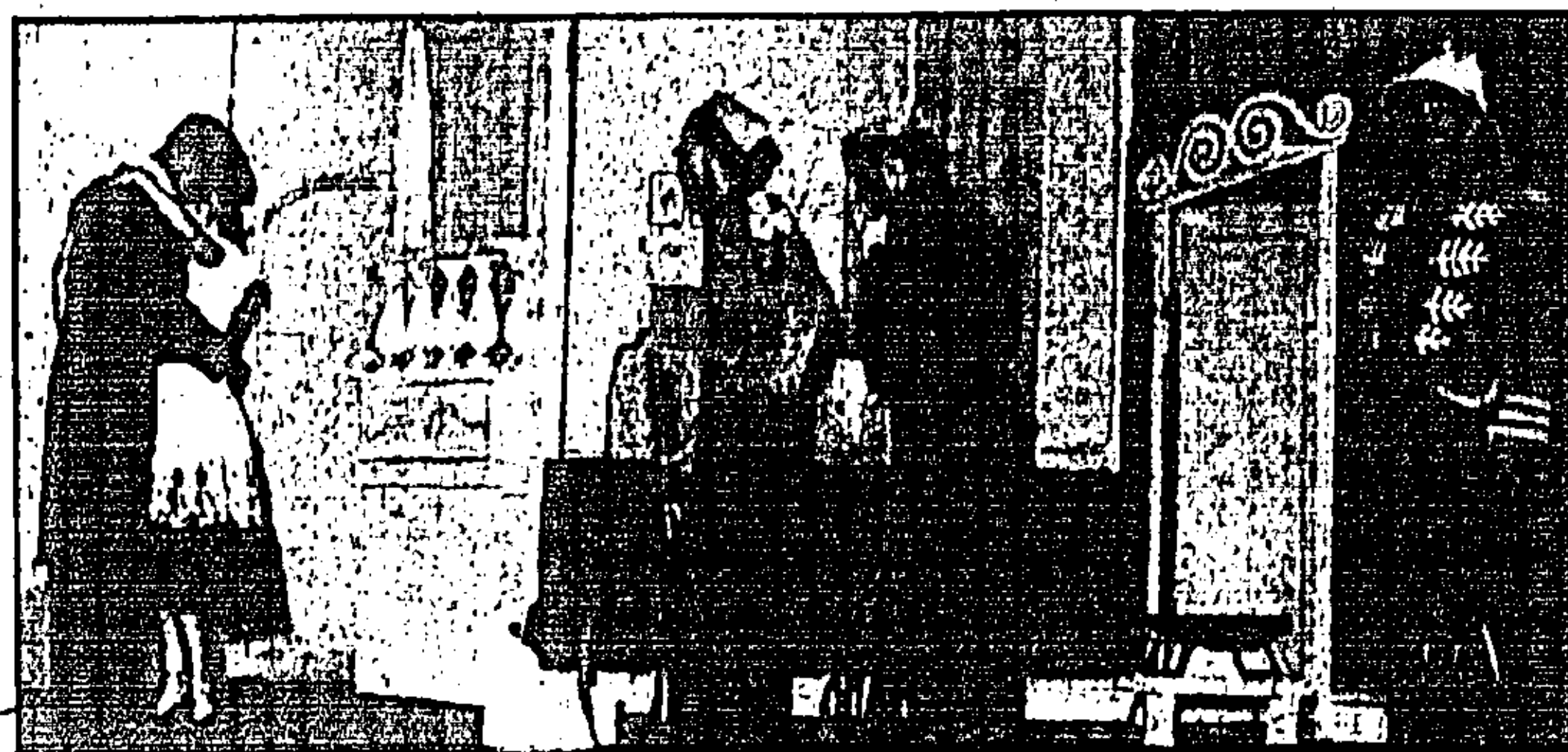


LEFT: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, chats with Mr and Mrs R. R. Coombs and Mrs S. B. Wong (right) during the Rotary Club's Charity Ball held at the Peninsula Hotel recently.

★

LEFT: A group photograph of Diocesan Boys' School alumni snapped during the DBS Old Boys' Association dinner held at the Kin Kwok Restaurant recently.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: A scene from the play "Romanoff and Juliet" by Peter Ustinov. It received a warm reception when it opened at the Lake Yew Hall on Thursday. The play is staged by the Hongkong Stage Club.

★

MR and Mrs A. F. Robertson opened their first joint exhibition of paintings and drawings at the British Council recently. Mr Robertson (left) is seen with two guests at the display.



RIGHT: Mr John C. Hardy (right), new Owners' Representative in Hongkong and South-east Asia for Pacific Far East Line, arrived here recently. He is seen at Kai Tak Airport with Mr M. S. Chan.

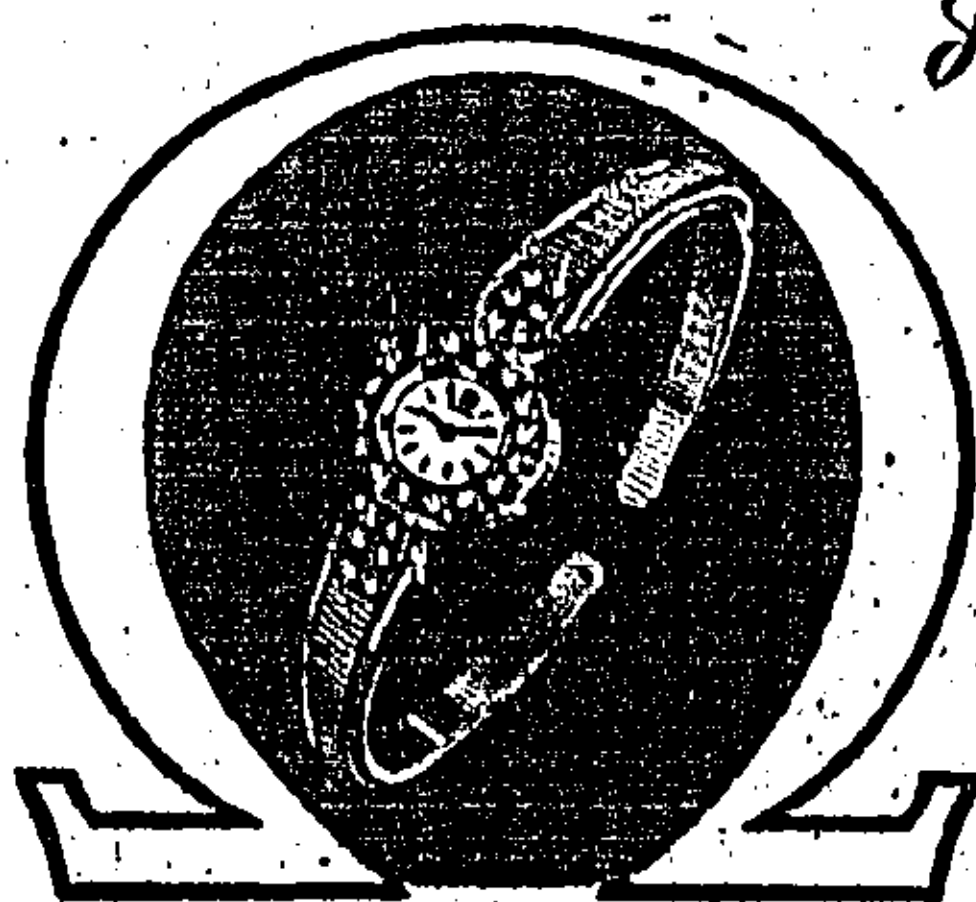
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BELOW: "Hongkong is strictly a magnificent place!" exclaimed Miss Virginia Spica, attractive French film producer, who was here recently to study prospects of making a film in the Colony. Her visit was sparked by comments made by film star Curt Jurgens, who was on location here recently.



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BELOW: Mr M. W. Turner admires the two Regimental crests presented recently to the Sandy Bay Children's Convalescent Home by Mrs F. O. Cetre (left), wife of the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment.



ABOVE: Mr C. R. Wardle (left) shakes hands with Mr W. Stoker at a cocktail party held in Mr Wardle's honour recently. Mr Wardle, who arrived here for a short visit, is the Chief Manager of the Mercantile Bank Ltd.



Free'n Easy Food Storage

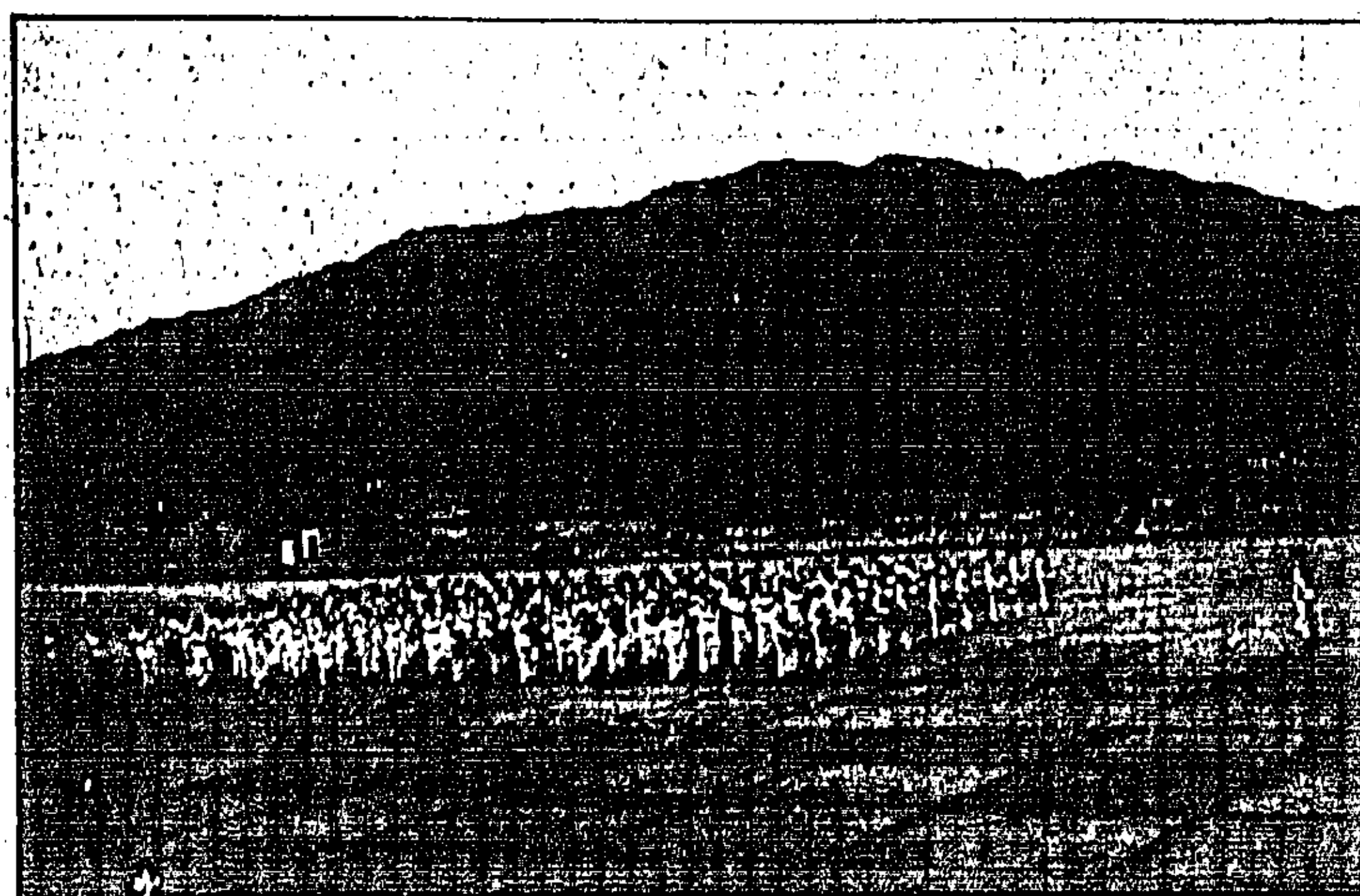
AUTOMATIC DEFROST
DAIRY BAR BUTTER KEEPER
CHEESE KEEPER
ICE KEEPER EGG RACKS
FOLD-AWAY SHELF
ZERO-ZONE FREEZER PULL-OUT SHELVES
MISTY CRISPER
ADJUSTABLE SHELVES
MEAT LOCKER

1959 PHILCO REFRIGERATORS
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GILMANS

SHOWROOM: GLOUCESTER ARCADE

GIL-27



★ ★ ★
LEFT: One of the oldest surviving customs of the British Army, the Beating of the Retreat, was enacted at the Sok Kong airstrip last week by over 120 bandmen from two battalions. The combined bands were from the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Regiment and the 1st Battalion 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles. The colourful parade was under the overall direction of Major J. P. C. Bailey.
★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★
LEFT: Thousands were disappointed when bad weather forced the cancellation of the Queen's Birthday parade at Kowloon on Tuesday, but hardy crowds who gathered in the rain watched tanks, artillery pieces and mules pass along the appointed route. Here Brigadier D. D. M. McCready takes the salute as a tank rolls by with gun dipped.
★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Miss Astrid Lee (left) and Miss Gloria Go face the Press with Mr. Donn Carson, manager here for Transocean Airlines. The girls are new recruits and are going to the United States for training as stewardesses.



LEFT: Two Police Officers donate blood to the British Red Cross blood bank. Seen at Kowloon City Police Station are Inspectors Norman Reynolds and E. Moth (right and left, respectively).
★



BELOW: Mr E. J. Thompson, Accountant-General of the Treasury (right), with friends at a farewell party held in his honour at the Club Lusitano recently. Mr and Mrs Thompson are leaving for Nairobi.



ABOVE: The Council of Women said farewell to Mrs B. P. Adarkar, wife of the Commissioner for India, at a party held at the American Club recently. Mrs Adarkar is seen (centre) with friends.



TOP: Mr and Mrs James Daniel Osmund shortly after their wedding at Rosary Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Evelyn Maria Alonco.
★ ★ ★

ABOVE: Mr. Alec S. C. Wu (left) says farewell to friends shortly before leaving for Kuala Lumpur to attend the ninth Asian Regional Conference of the Junior Chamber of Commerce International. Mr Wu is the Vice-President of the Hongkong Jaycees.
★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Little Cecilia Wong Tet-sin, daughter of the Chief Minister of the State of Penang, gets ready to launch two vehicle ferries for Penang at the Choy Lee Shipyard last Saturday.



ABOVE LEFT: Little Jane Elaine, daughter of Mr and Mrs T. W. Tongue, poses for our photographer shortly after her christening at St John's Cathedral on Sunday.
★

LEFT: The visiting Kansas women's group were feted at a coffee reception at the American Club recently. Seen are (l-r) Mrs John O'Keefe and Mrs S. H. Chiles.
★

RIGHT: Amy Wong (right) receives her prize for winning the finals of the 10th series of Radio Hongkong's (Chinese Section) "Beginners Please" last Friday.
★



ABOVE: Members of the Auxiliary Medical Service give a demonstration at Cheung Chau of how to treat a victim of corrosive acid burns.

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MR. C. P. Tan, Burmese Consul, chats with Mr. Sithu W. J. Carrott, Chairman of the Union of Burma Airways Board, during a cocktail party held by the airline at Maxim's.



HELICON is led in triumphantly by Mrs. A. H. Penn after it had won the St George's Cup at the race meeting on Saturday. In the saddle is Mr. Kenny Kwok.

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX
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America's Brilliant
Star of Song

NEE TUNG MING
Mystifying Magician

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The Rocky Fellers
Combo.

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Tomorrow &
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



The Divided Playhouse WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

JANE and Sue met at the corner of the street. "I am going to Mr Green's shop for a big box," Jane said. "I'm going to make a playhouse in my garden."

Sue's blue eyes widened. "Why, that is exactly what I am going to do," she cried. "I want a very large box so that I will have a big house."

The two girls went along together, chatting happily of their plans.

Mr Green listened carefully to what the girls had to tell him. Then he led them to the store room behind the store. "I haven't many large boxes right now," he said. "I have just cleaned out my store room, but you may take whatever you see."

He left them and went back to wait on his customers. Jane and Sue looked carefully at the small stack of boxes in one corner of the room.

"Here is a nice clean box," Jane said. "But I did want a much bigger one."

Sue shook her head. "I think that all of these are much too small."

A Wonderful Playhouse

Suddenly Jane dashed to the other end of the room. "Oh, oh," she cried. "Here is a box that will make a wonderful playhouse."

Sue came to look. "Oh, yes!" She grabbed one side of the box. "Help me carry it home, Jane."

"Help you?" Jane cried. "But it's mine. I saw it first."

She grabbed the other side of the box and gave it a pull. But Sue held tightly to her side.

Mr Green came back. He saw the two girls tugging in opposite directions.

"I saw it first," Jane told him. "But I want it too," Sue cried. "This is the only box that's big enough for a playhouse."

Mr Green scratched his chin and frowned. "My, my! We do have a problem," he said. "But perhaps I will get another big box very soon."

Sue let loose her side, but she looked ready to cry. Jane tried to lift the box by herself, but it was heavy and very hard to carry. She had three long blocks to go to reach her yard.

"Sue," she said quickly. "You will have to help me carry the box."

Mr Green looked very sad. "I am sorry that the only box I have is much too heavy for either of you to carry alone," he pushed it back into the corner and opened the door that led back into his shop. The two girls followed him and walked slowly out.

"They walked a minute without speaking."

Then Jane said, "Now neither one of us will have a playhouse."

"No," Sue said. She kicked a small pebble.

"It was such a wonderful box," Jane said unhappily.

We Could Go Back

Suddenly Sue stopped walking. "We could go back..."

"We... we could share it," Jane cried.

A big smile lighted Sue's face. "Oh, let's!" she cried. "It will be so much more fun to make the playhouse together."

Back to the shop, the girls ran. "We are going to share the box," they told Mr Green breathlessly.

"I am going to help Jane carry the box," Sue said happily. "We will take the box to Sue's garden," Jane said. "Her garden is closer, and there's a big oak tree that is just right to build a house under."

Mr Green seemed just as happy as the two girls. "Tell me when the house is all finished," he said. "I want to come see it."

"Oh, we will!" they cried. "And thank you very much."

—Helen L. Renshaw

THE SEAL

I have a friend, Otto. He is a seal that lives at the zoo and swims a good deal.

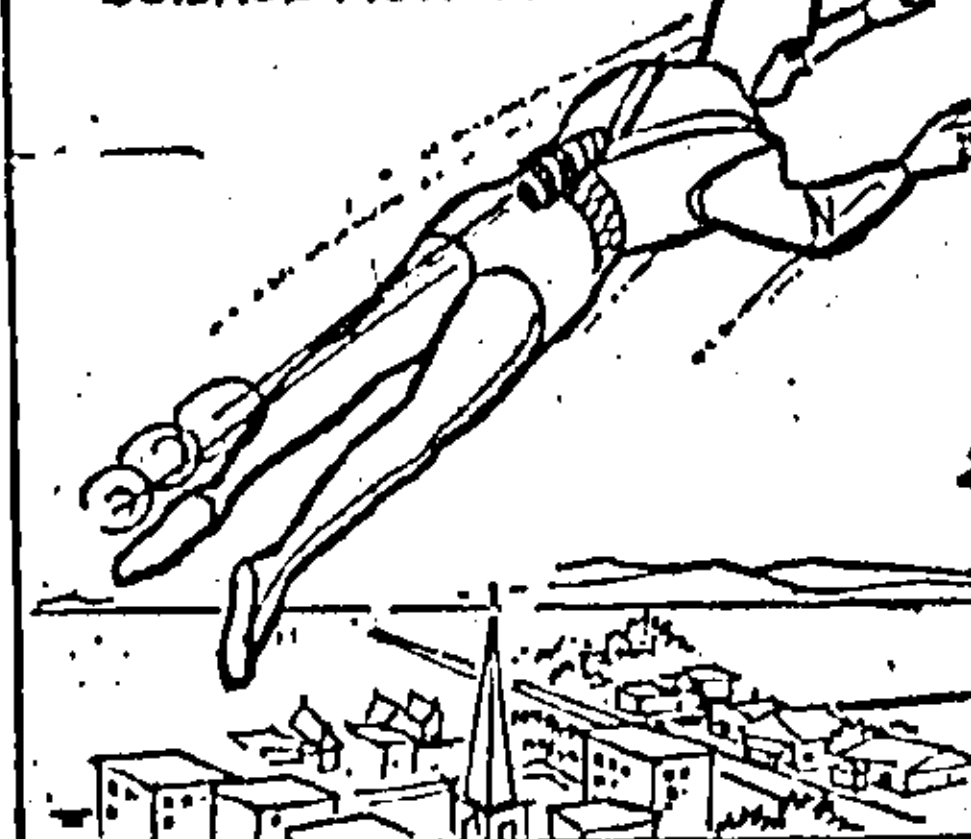
He's made in a way that is slippery and slick. And down in the water he's slippery and quick.

He doesn't have feet, but flippers instead. And he has long whiskers that grow from his head.

Sometimes he barks in a harsh, gruffy sound. And makes his brown eyes turn around and around.

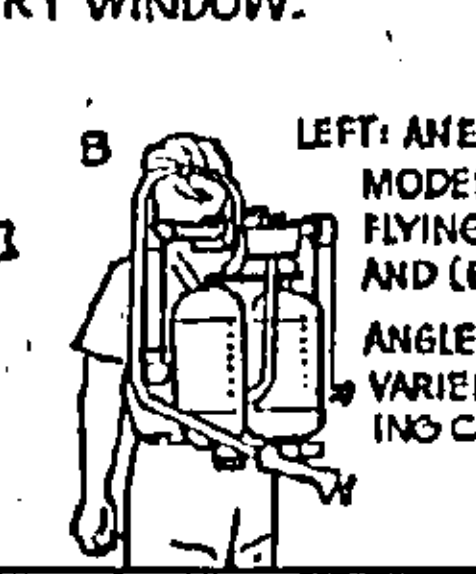
Then down in the water he slips and away. "Why don't you come join me?" he seems to say.

FLYING BELTS ARE OLD STUFF IN THE COMICS AND SCIENCE FICTION.

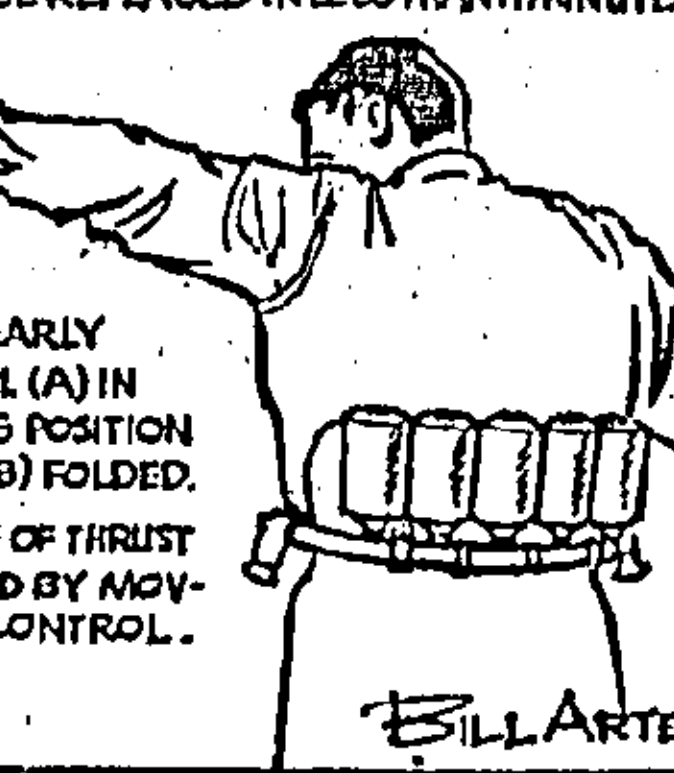


NOW WE MAY ASSUME SUCH A MIRACLE WILL BE ACTUALITY.

ACCORDING TO POPULAR SCIENCE "JUMP ROCKETS" ARE ALREADY BEING TESTED THAT WILL ENABLE A SOLDIER TO JUMP A 50 FT. RIVER OR LEAP UP TO A SECOND-STORY WINDOW.



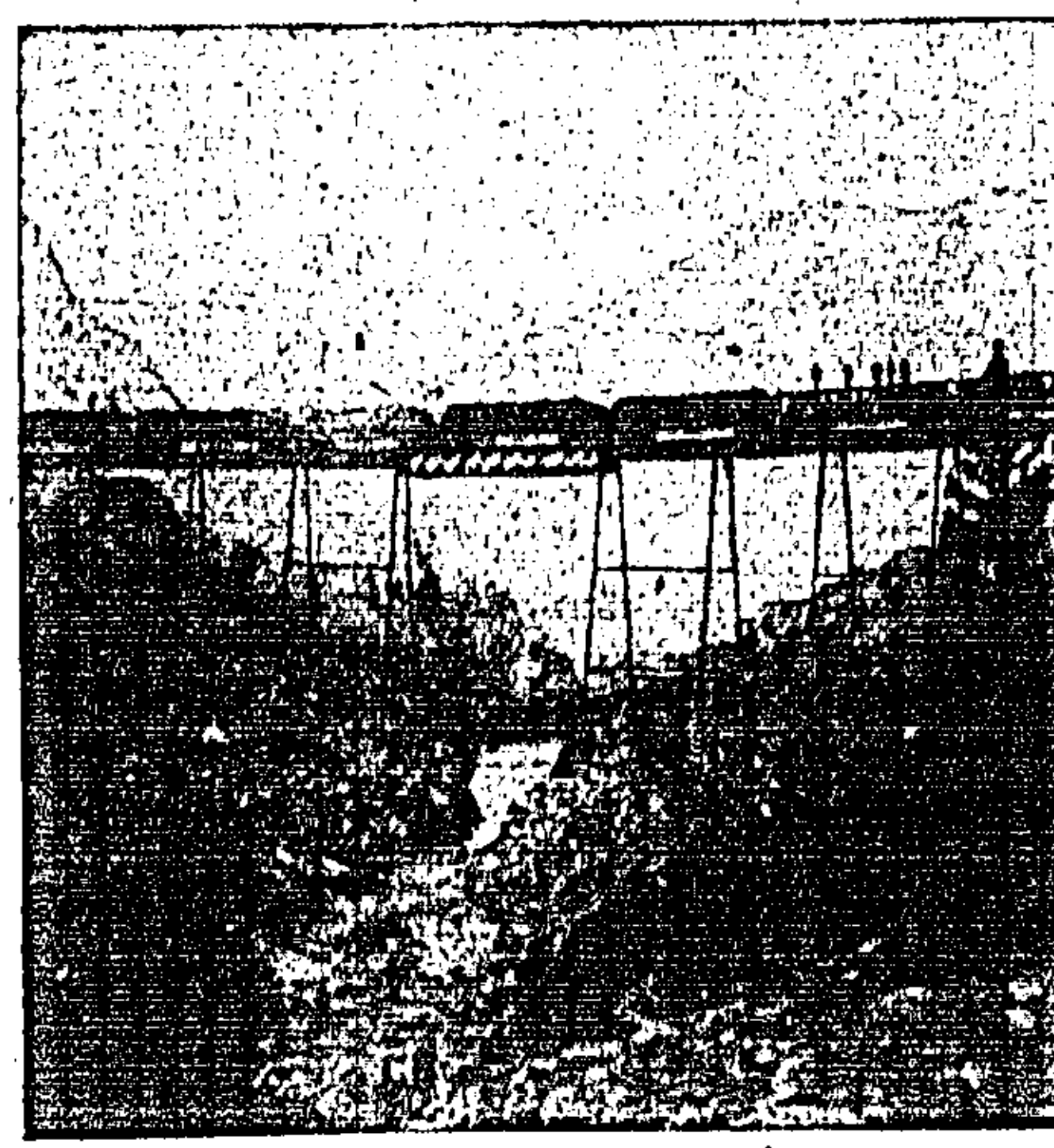
NEWER, SIMPLER MODEL USES PROPELLANT CANISTERS THAT CAN BE TOUCHED OFF SEPARATELY OR ALL AT ONCE. CANISTERS CAN BE REPLACED IN LESS THAN A MINUTE.



One made of stone, another of steel, and a third from wood—these are three bridges with interesting stories to tell.

The one at the left is 750 years old, and still carries people and vehicles into the old city of Parthenay, France. The stone bridge and tower are so well constructed that they have needed almost no repairs since they were built in the year 1204.

Invading armies have crossed this bridge many



STRANGE BRIDGES

times in an attempt to conquer the city, and were fought by soldiers atop the parapets.

The high railroad bridge, in the centre, spans a deep, wide canyon in Colorado. The train was carrying sightseeing passengers when this picture was taken.



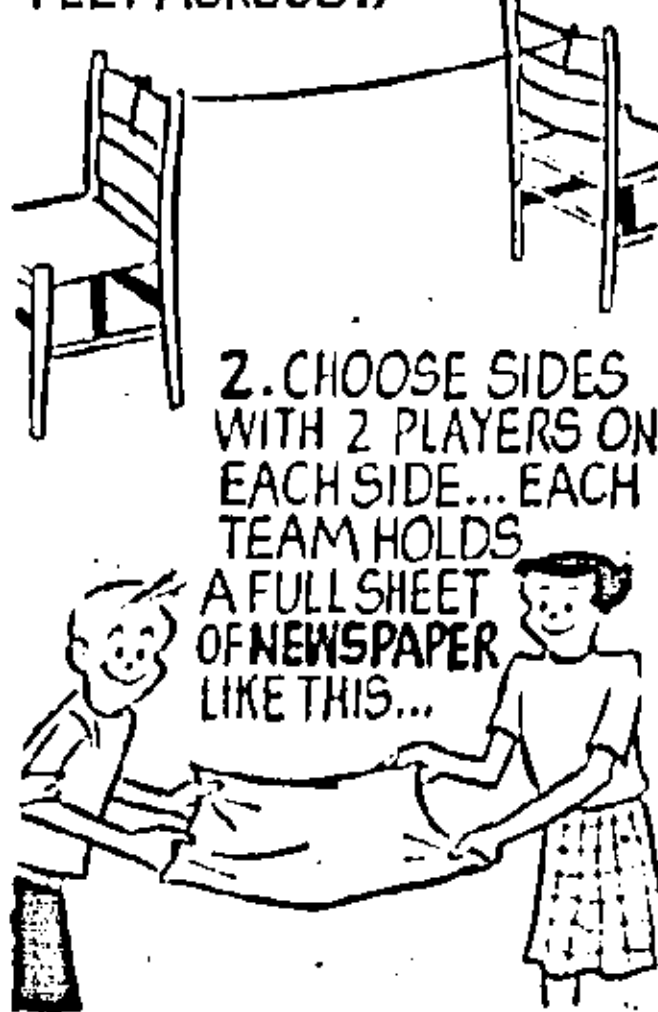
in 1889. Excursion trains, as they were called, were very popular in the last century, and would run through tunnels in the mountains and high above the valleys.

The wooden bridge, at the right, is used by the people of Gietthorn, Holland.

There are no streets in the village, only canals, and everyone must cross the water over little bridges like this one. It is wide enough for only one person at a time!

HOW TO PLAY TO FLIP BALL

1. LIE A STRING BETWEEN TWO CHAIRS... (ABOUT 8 FEET ACROSS.)



2. CHOOSE SIDES WITH 2 PLAYERS ON EACH SIDE... EACH TEAM HOLDS A FULL SHEET OF NEWSPAPER LIKE THIS...



Silly Sayings

GIRAFFE

Question: What does the long-necked giraffe do when he is hungry?
Answer: He eats!

Who Is The Man In The Moon?

HAVE you ever seen the man in the moon and wondered who he is?

There are stories which are supposed to date back to a period earlier than the time of Moses, telling of the man who was put to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath and was sent to the moon to stay there ever after. People used to think he was the "man in the moon."



A German story tells about a man who cut sticks on the Sabbath and who was caught up in the moon. Some persons believed he could be seen, bearing his burden of sticks.

A similar story is told in Swabia, a region in ancient Germany, only in this case the punishment was for having stolen the wood, rather than for breaking the Sabbath.

A Dutch myth relates that the fellow was guilty of stealing cabbages on Christmas evening. His neighbour caught him, just as he was making off with the plunder. He was sent to the moon for punishment along with the stolen cabbages.

In some of the provinces along the North Sea the man in the moon was a sheep stealer and the fact of his being landed down as he is, with cabbages, is accounted for by saying that he used

to entice the sheep with these vegetables.

Still farther North, the people talk about a giant who lives in the moon and who is supposed to cause the ebb and flow of the tide. When the giant stoops the water flows and when he stands erect the water ebbs again.

In Greenland the sun is a female goddess and the moon is her brother. During their mortal lives upon the earth, the brother teased his sister. She flew up in the air and became the sun. He could not fly so high, so he became the moon but he still pursues his sister, hoping some day to catch her.

When he is tired and hungry, in his last quarter, he leaves his house on a sledge harnessed to four dogs and hunts for several days. On his return he eats so much that he again grows into a full moon.

The Russians have several accounts to give of the moon in the sky.

One is that a man was looking for a land where there is no death. He took up his abode in the moon but after he had lived there a hundred years, death found him out and came there after him. A furious struggle between the moon and death took place. While it was going on, the man was caught up in the sky and now shines as a star, near the moon.



The variety of these stories is by no means exhausted, but you can tell that the character of the man in the moon is judged to be bad. He is thought of as a coward or a very bad fellow.

Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

'ANTEPAR'

TRADE MARK



One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—easily and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, sure, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children.

Make 'ANTEPAR' a routine family habit. Give everyone one dose every three months. And be sure your family are always free from roundworms!

'ANTEPAR' the one-dose, one-day roundworm remedy

Now costs less without duty.

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What's A Kangaroo?

—Only Policeman And Knarf Knew What It Was—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, looked out of the window and saw that the sun was shining. So he put on his hat and he put on his coat and he put on his gloves and went out.

Knarf said to the Cat who was sitting near the kitchen door: "I'm going down the street to

the corner and meet my friend Policeman."

The Cat just nodded and stroked her whiskers.

Knarf ran down the sunny street.

First he pretended he was a fire engine.

Then he pretended he was a train.

Then he pretended he was a Mississippi steamboat.

"Good morning, Policeman," said Knarf.

"Good morning, Boy," said Policeman.

"I was just pretending," said Knarf, "that I was different things."

"What different things?" asked the Policeman.

"I was pretending," said Knarf, "that I was a fire engine, a train and a Mississippi steamboat."

"Those are very good things to pretend to be," said the Policeman. "When I was a boy, I used to pretend things, too."

"What things?" Knarf asked the Policeman.

The Policeman pushed back his hat and for a moment or two, he looked up at the sun, smiling and thinking. "Once," he finally said, "I pretended to be a Kangaroo."

Knarf repeated the word. "Kangaroo?"

"That's a Kangaroo?"

"It's an animal I invented," said the Policeman.

"It sounds like a Kangaroo," said Knarf.

The Policeman nodded. "Half of it was a Kangaroo, Knarf," he said.

"What was the other half of the Kangaroo?" asked Knarf.

"The other half of the Kangaroo," said Policeman, "was like a Grasshopper."

"Oh, I see," said Knarf. "Your Kangaroo was half like a Kangaroo and half like a Grasshopper."

"I used to go down the street, jumping and leaping and hopping," said the Policeman. "All the neighbours used to wonder what I was. They knew I wasn't a Cat. They were sure I wasn't a Dog."

"They must have been sure," said Knarf, "that you weren't a fire engine or a train or a Mississippi steamboat."

"Yes," said the Policeman, "they were quite sure I wasn't any of those things, either. Some of them thought I was a rabbit."

"But they were wrong, weren't they?" said Knarf.

"Yes, they were wrong," said the Policeman, "and some of them thought I was a Bullfrog."

"They were wrong, too, weren't they?" asked Knarf.

"They were absolutely and positively wrong," said the Policeman.

"You were really a Kangaroo, weren't you?" said Knarf.

"That's right," said the Policeman. "But I didn't tell anybody. They never knew what I was."



"I'm going to meet Policeman," Knarf told Cat.

"I'm the only one who knows what you were," said Knarf.

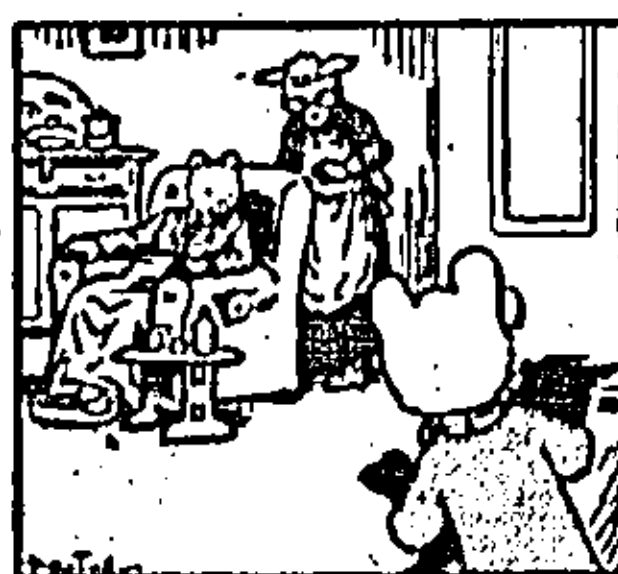
"You and I?" said the Policeman. "We're the only ones who know that when I went jumping and leaping and hopping down the street, I wasn't a Cat or a Dog or a fire engine or a train or a Mississippi steamboat or a rabbit or a Bullfrog."

"What I really was was a Kangaroo."

"I'm glad you told me," said Knarf.

And away Knarf went, hopping and leaping and jumping, pretending to be not a Kangaroo, but a Kangaroo, which is almost the same thing but not quite.

Rupert and the Blunderpuss—42



Inside the cottage Uncle Bruno is still in his chair feeling very unhappy and worried, and Mrs. Sheep is fusing around him. "Did you fetch Dr. Lion?" she asks. "No, but it's all right. Uncle doesn't need a doctor," exclaims Rupert. "He isn't ill at all. He



really did see that thing on the window sill. Look, here it is. Isn't it lovely?" Uncle Bruno and the Blunderpuss gaze at each other in the greatest amazement. "Well, but what is it?" asks Uncle Bruno. "And did you really call it lovely?"

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Not For The Squeamish

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM. By Nelson Algren. 16s.

It's taken ten years to find an English publisher. Maybe this panorama of life among the petty cheats, phony braggarts, double crockers, elbow sneaks, small-time chisellers, touts and stooges and gladhand-shakers, of the slums of Chicago is not for the squeamish but it could not be more vivid.

Algren's hero, the man with the golden arm, is Frankie McElroy, a gambler in a gambling hell. Married to a psychotic, he is in love with a stripper named Molly.

Frankie is a junkie—a drug addict—as a result of war wounds. His source of supply is a dope-peddler named Louie, whom one night on impulse he kills.

He goes on the run, and Molly shelters him and nurses him through his convulsed cravings for morphine until the police close in on him. He hangs himself.

Algren's bums and deadbeats and junkies are pathetic, not vicious. He lights up their lives with a kind of poetry and a genuine compassion. pity is what you feel at the end.

WALTER ALLEN

(London Express Service).

How To Run A Hotel

CHEZ PAVAN. By Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph, 18s.

A FAMOUS restaurant and hotel in Paris, Chez Pavan, is really the central character of this crowded novel.

It is still, in the early twenties, conducted with all the stylish elaboration, the meticulous care for detail, the calculated appeal to the most demanding of palates which made it unique even in the Edwardian heyday.

A great hotel, as Arnold Bennett proved, provides a canvas as rich and varied and anecdotal as a picture by P. H. R. This is what Mr. Richard Llewellyn aims at.

It is a pity, I think, that he has found it necessary to use an elaborate prose style, which is as heavily over-decorated as all Edwardian prose.

Perfection in the Pavan scale no longer pays: the hotel is running into a loss. Pavan's clever daughter has a sweeping solution that would bring the hotel up to date, but lose everything for which it stood.

Pavan's protegee, Charles, puts up a fight for the old standards. The daughter wins the first round: the hotel is transformed. Charles and Pavan turn their backs on mediocrity and set up elsewhere.

But the interest lies not so much in these people who are not, frankly, well realised as characters. It lies rather in the day-to-day running of a perfect hotel.

ON THE CRIME SHELF

● **STRIKE FOR A KINGDOM.** Menna Gallie. Gollancz, 12s. 6d. A chaustrophobic Welsh mining valley during the 1929 strike. It is the setting for the murder hunt which follows the death of a hidebound pit-manager.

The crime is solved by the local JP, a minor poet, just in time to prevent a nasty situation from getting out of hand.

If the detection matched the description, this would be an outstanding novel.

● **BLOOD AND JUDGEMENT.** Michael Gilbert. Hodder, 12s. 6d. Detective-sageant Petrolia turns skin-diver, disobeys his superior officer, tussles with a gang of violent crooks and clears up a case of mistaken identity—a tight-packed plot unravelled at break-neck speed. (Published recently).

● **THIRD CRIME LUCKY.** Anthony Gilbert. Crime Club, 10s. 6d. The probable career of a murderous efficient husband and wife team of house-keepers, who specialise in taking care of elderly parties, ends with the intervention of Arthur

What Secrets Drove The King's Friend Mad?

BOOKS

by
**ROBERT
PITMAN**

THE stranger gasped as the Foreign Secretary wandered past him in the August sun. The frizzed hair and the high-beaked nose were unmistakable—but there was something else quite unexpected.

The Foreign Secretary was known for his cold poise. But the man who edged his way through the crowds in Piccadilly was wild-eyed and agitated. The top of one of his elegant high-boots was slopping over the ankle into the dirt.

Tense with curiosity, the stranger followed him.

He saw him mix with the crowds outside the popular White Horse Cellar. He saw him approach a Jewish boy who had a hawk's tray of cheap knives for sale. Carefully the Foreign Secretary selected a penknife with a white handle, threw down a shilling, and strode off to Carlton House for an audience with the King.

It was a Friday in August 1822. Castlereagh, the Tory Foreign Secretary was the most powerful man in Britain.

Excitedly at dinner the observant stranger told his friends about the incident. But he did not know what was to follow.

On Monday, handsome Lord Castlereagh staggered dying at his home in Kent. Blood spurted from a neatly-severed artery in his neck. In his hand was the white penknife from the tray in Piccadilly.

Rhymed the Radical Lord Byron in glee:—
So he has cut his throat at last—He? Who?

The man who cut his country's long ago.

But why did Castlereagh cut his throat? The historians have been vague. Now in a fascinating book, *THE STRANGE DEATH OF LORD CASTLEREAGH* (Helmman, 18s.), H. Montgomery Hyde, the Tory M.P., reassembles the evidence.

'I am mad'

FIRST, let us return to London on that August Friday. Let us follow the tall, booted figure of Castlereagh, as he hurries through the costly apartments of Carlton House to meet George IV.

Instantly he seized the King's plump arm. And what was said next remained fixed in the King's mind for ever.

Demanding Castlereagh: "Have you heard the news, the terrible news?" The King looked puzzled. Castlereagh, with eyes staring, went on: "Police officers are searching for me to arrest me. I am accused of the same crime as the Bishop of Clogher."

Then he told the amazed King: "I have just had my horses come up from Cray. I shall leave by the little gate in your garden. I shall go to Portsmouth and there sail for France." Finally, while the King tried to soothe him, Castlereagh sobbed: "I am mad. I know I am mad."

What was it all about? What had the bishop done?

The answer helps to explain why Castlereagh's death has always been a matter for whispers.

For three weeks fashionable London had talked of little else but the Right Rev. Percy Jocelyn, Bishop of Clogher, in Ulster.

Bishop fled

CAUGHT at Westminster in his episcopal dress in the most incriminating circumstances, the 57-year-old bishop had been accused of a homosexual offence. He had broken bull and fled to Scotland, where warrants then could not reach him.

But were the police really after Castlereagh for a similar offence? Certainly not. His reputation, if anything, was quite the reverse.

Why, then, did he suggest it? After his death the explanation circulated that political problems had driven him mad.

Montgomery Hyde examines those problems.

THERE WAS THE PROBLEM OF THE KING'S MISTRESS. For many years the past had belonged to disgraced Lady Hertford. Castlereagh's own aunt. But she was now in her sixties and the King had transferred his enthusiasm to the younger Lady Conyngham.

Of Lady Conyngham a cynic wrote: "Not an idea in her head, not a word to say for herself; nothing but a hand to accept pearls and diamonds, and an enormous balcony to wear them on."

But even worse, Lady Conyngham hated Castlereagh's own wife, the fat, chattering Emma. She refused to go where Emma was present. At diplomatic functions, difficulties resulted for poor Castlereagh.

Queen trouble

THERE WAS THE PROBLEM OF QUEEN CAROLINE. Even on his wedding night George IV had got himself dead drunk at the mere thought of his German wife. Now he had not seen Caroline for years. For years she had ignored the Continent in dubious company.

At last, 1821, Castlereagh promised the King to have Parliament put an end to Caroline's status and delete her name from the Prayer Book.

But Caroline fought back. Thickly rouged and oddly dressed, she deliberately set up house next to Castlereagh's town-house in St. James's Square. She rallied the anti-Tory mob against him. His windows were smashed so often that he had to sleep at the Foreign Office.

THEN THERE WAS THE PROBLEM OF THE ANTI-TORY AGITATORS THEMSELVES. Take the case of the Cato Street Conspirators.

In 1820 they plotted to murder the entire Cabinet at dinner. And they had prepared a special bag for the task of carrying the hated Castlereagh's head.

Such had been Castlereagh's worries. But by August 1822 they were no longer so acute. The Cato Street men had been caught and hanged. Queen Caroline had solved the Government's problems by dying. Even Lady Conyngham had fallen to upset Castlereagh's high status.

So why was he driven to madness? And why should a normal man seem to fear a charge of homosexuality?

The theory

MONTGOMERY HYDE believes he has the answer. He has traced a book privately printed in 1835 for a clergyman who almost certainly got information from one of Castlereagh's fellow Ministers.

According to the clergyman, Castlereagh often met up with women of the streets on his walk home from Westminster. His habit was observed by certain courtiers of the age, who devised a dirt plot.

One night during 1819 he went back with a woman to her apartment. There he found

You'll get up early, the King was told



MRS. ROOSEVELT.

—TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE PRESIDENT'S WIDOW

ON MY OWN. By Eleanor Roosevelt. Hutchinson, 21s.

ROAMING about the world, an old lady before whom the most exalted doors are open and the highest in most lands are ready to speak their minds, Mrs. Roosevelt is a unique figure of our times. She has the prestige of a famous President's widow. She has the privilege of a remarkable personality. She has the mobility and inquisitiveness of a successful columnist.

And, if there is no particular distinction about her writing, she has good eyes, good hearing and a great deal of candour. She is benevolent but not easily impressed, polite but lacking in reverence; and, with all her cosmopolitan sympathies, is an old-fashioned American in temperament.

When she visits Britain she calls on the Queen, going up by an old-style cage-type lift to a sitting-room with a crackling fire. The two women, the young and the

old, talk about Prince Charles's tonsils. Mrs. Roosevelt notices that the royal entourage is much younger than it was on her last visit, and as she leaves, remarks to a secretary that it must be hard to be both a young Queen and a mother.

"Not at all," replies the secretary. "The Queen is very well departmentalised."

Shocked!

At Windsor Castle, in George VI's time, Queen Mary was shocked to hear that her son and daughter-in-law did not propose to be there in the morning to see Mrs. Roosevelt off.

"Next morning she (Queen Mary) was up and dressed to perfection, waiting in the corridor to say goodbye. And she had made her son, the poor King, get up also!"

Between Churchill and Mrs. Roosevelt there is something less than complete sympathy. "You don't really approve of me, do you, Mrs. Roosevelt?" he asked her once.

"I don't suppose I really did," she agrees, giving as the reason Churchill's wartime habit of keeping her husband sitting late in after-dinner talks.

As an American representative on a UNO committee, Mrs. Roosevelt had a hard and testing

time. At the end of it, Mr. Dulles and Senator Vandenberg told her: "We begged the President not to nominate you. But we must acknowledge that we have found you good to work with."

The men

Mrs. Roosevelt has carried away from these UNO days many sharp impressions of Russian statesmen. With his amazing memory. Molotov, polite but impenetrable. Later but more interesting, there was Khrushchev, bare-headed, and wearing a white Russian blouse with beautiful embroidery, relaxing on holiday in a house outside Yalta.

With Khrushchev confident and excitable, Mrs. Roosevelt had a long argumentative session. At the end he asked: "Can I tell our papers we have had a friendly conversation?"

"You can say," she replied, "that we had a friendly conversation but that we differ."

"At least we didn't shoot at each other," exclaimed Khrushchev, grinning broadly.

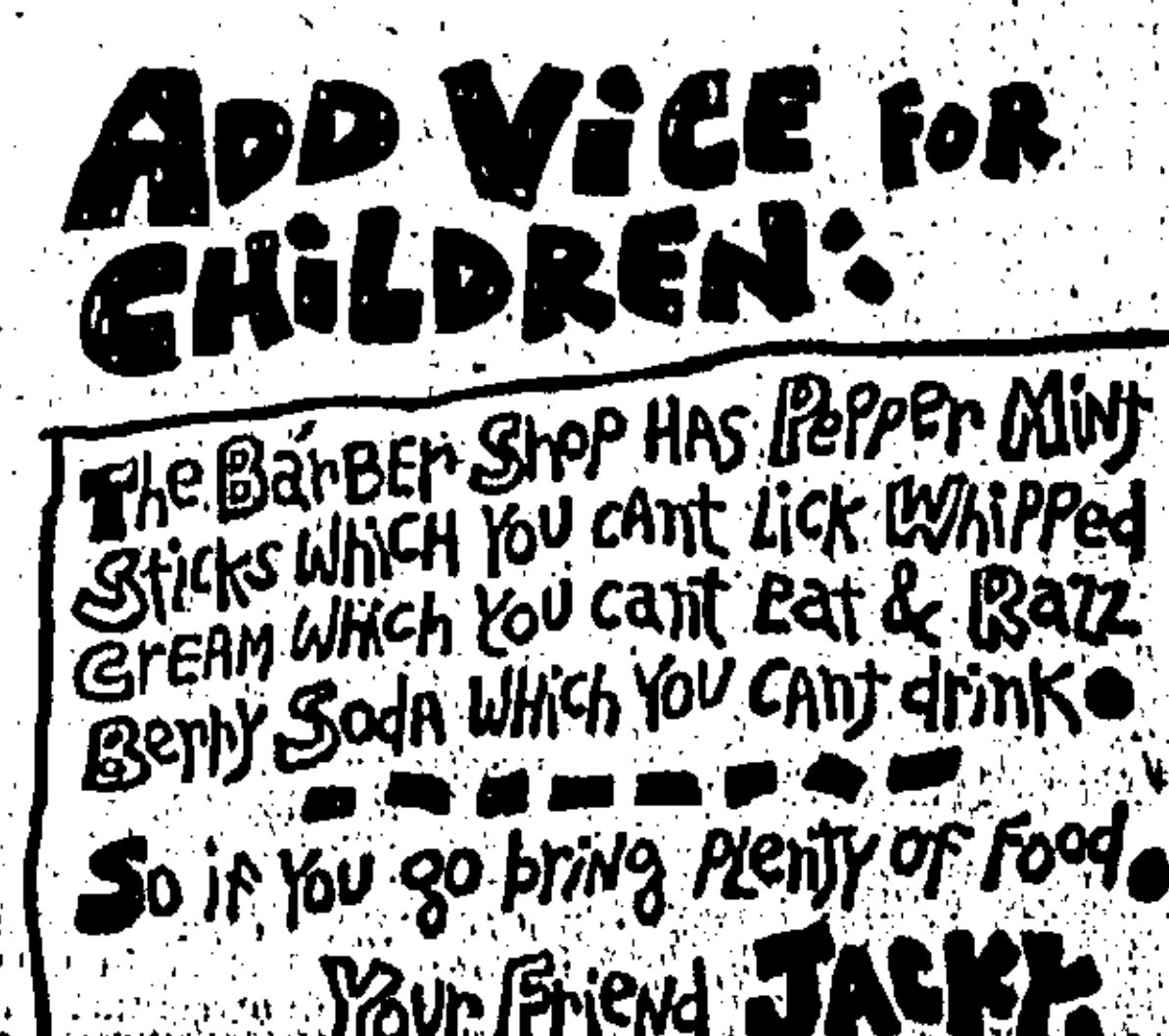
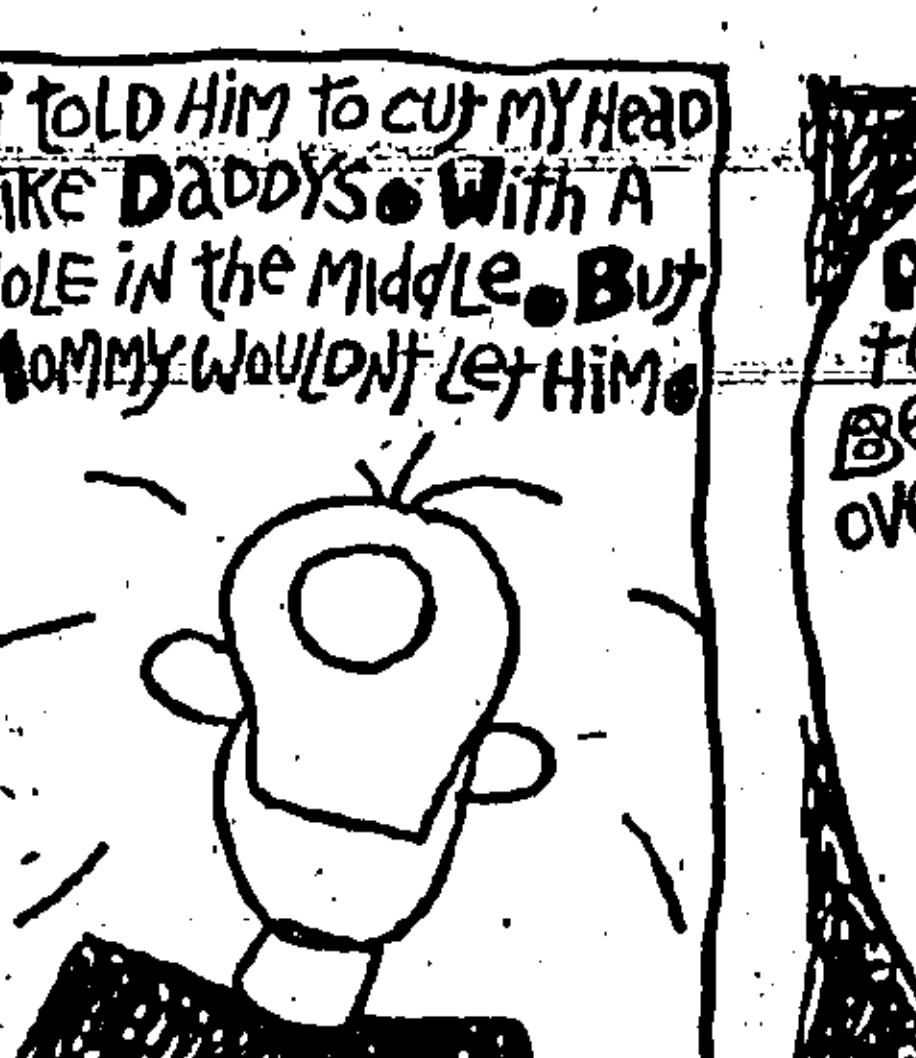
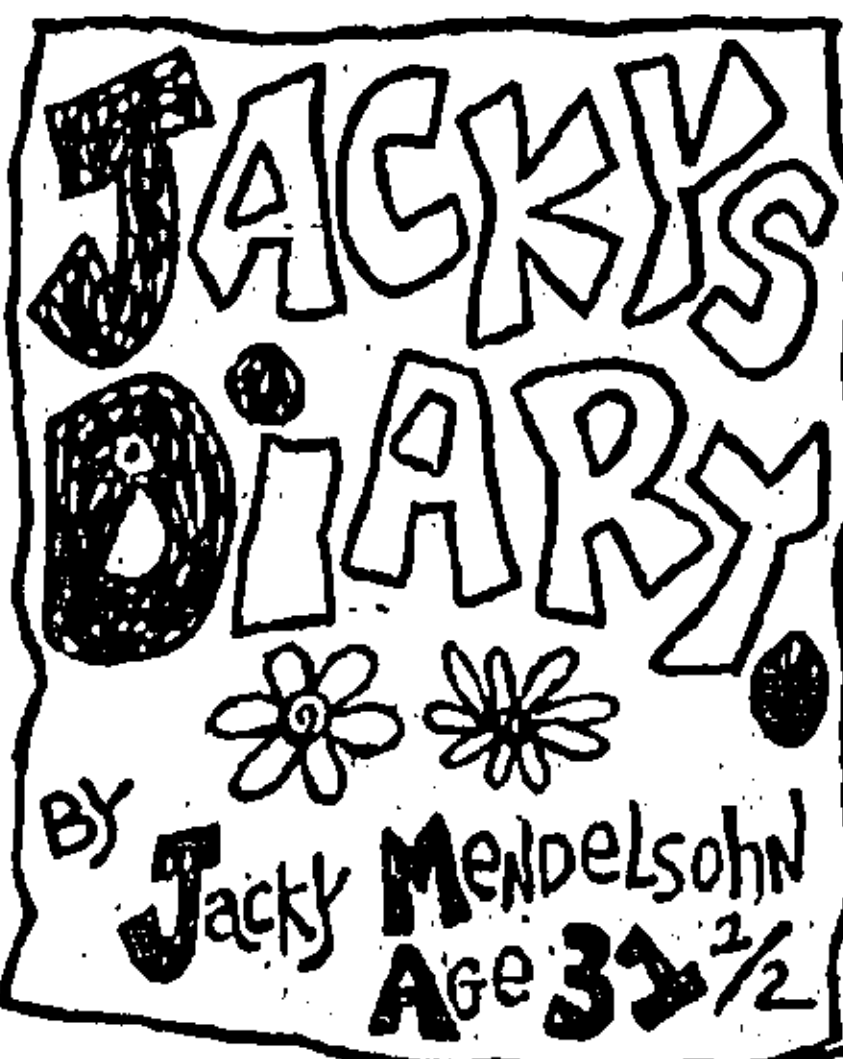
In the end, what remains most vividly with the reader of this vivacious book of impressions is the artless self-portrait of a woman of strong but simple character.

Mrs. Roosevelt tries to fit this complex world into too homely a pattern of ideas. But out of the inevitable failure, she makes an interesting and sometimes diverting book.

Georgie

Malcolm Thomson

(London Express Service).



Yes! I've hit a hot subject this time!

by MERRICK WINN

THE PROBLEMS of the mentally sick, the men in prison, the old people who have been forgotten....these MERRICK WINN has investigated and spotlighted brilliantly in the China Mail. TODAY he begins the result of a probe into one of the most shunned subjects of all in Britain today: mixed marriages.

THE night was black and the black people walked faceless in the streets of dying houses. It rained, on the white people too, but the blacks seemed wetter. Or sadder. This was Brixton, the coloured part.

The whites and the blacks walked mostly apart, but not self-consciously, and a few bobbed along together. Black man, white woman. Less often: white man, black woman. The mixed marriage. Or the mixed union, since wedding rings sometimes lie.

I went to one of the clubs called social clubs, down in a shabby basement, where the black faces showed flat and shiny, but not shabby, and the nuptial voices talked.

"So you're looking into mixed marriages," Mr. Winn? What do you expect to find? Look, there's no mixed marriage problem, only colour problem.

"People fall in love, skins don't matter, that's all there is. Why do you bother? Look, there's no mixed marriage problem, only colour problem. The juke box called for sixpence, got it, and the rock rolled on. Why did I bother? I explained, shouting, drowned in jazz.

I said every seedy race-hater keeps up his narrow sleeve the last-ditch seedy question:—
Would you let your daughter marry a black man?

I said that if it turns out that mixed marriages are no worse than other marriages the race-haters have one less leg to stand on. Caught on the hop, defence my mission.

No show-off

A Nigerian, very black, slipped pale palms together, getting angry. He was dressed like me. Ordinarily, no circus suit. The show-off days seen over, except for the few.

He said: "I don't like mixed marriages. I'm prejudiced. But they have their own lives. Nobody else knows anything. The experts generalise."

This was right. I went through Britain listening to the experts, to their contradicting

theories and their thimbleful of facts. Now I know practically nothing.

I don't even know how many mixed marriages there are in Britain because the Registrar-General, rightly, does not discriminate. Blacks, whites, Jews, Gentiles go down in the books as men and women.

Unnatural

But I do know this: there are more mixed marriages than most whites or blacks dream of. And their number is increasing.

Consider. There are between 200,000 and 250,000 coloured people in Britain—a bewildering variety of races which most of us can cope with only by lumping all as black. Inaccurately but not offensively.

Take just the 120,000 West Indians. Only 40,000 of them are women.

So marriages are getting mixed and will get more mixed. People's emotions are getting mixed too. Race prejudice in Britain is nearly unanimous when it comes to sex and marriage.

A Birmingham social worker, her snowy head filled with Christian knowledge and human ignorance, said, as many people say:—

"Some of my best friends are coloured but I can't feel it quite right for them to marry white women. It seems so unnatural."

Prejudice. But many serious people feel the same, to their regret, not knowing why. There is something deep here, not rational, perhaps dangerous. The white man's God is not black but his devil is. And the race-hater must cast out his devil, on to black people or Jews or any people helpless enough to be blackened and despised. Lest he despise himself.

But the truth is this. There is nothing unnatural, or biologically offensive, in mixed marrying. It is not true that black people are mentally or humanly inferior to the pink-grey people we call white. It is not true either that black men are stronger, or better lovers, as many white men think. This sexual jealousy is devil's work, rooted in nonsense.

Inside too

And it is not true that mixed marriages produce the worst of the two races in the children. There is even some evidence they may produce better children. Taller, more intelligent, more fertile parents.

Most of the experts, the social workers and doctors and scientists, divide mixed marriages into the lower-class and the educated. The distinction is artificial, maybe offensive, but up to a point it works. A Manchester doctor, wise although not wise enough, told me: "The mixed marriages which break up are usually the lower-class ones and it's almost always the white woman's fault."

It happens. In this way. A black man comes to Britain

believing all white women to be white inside too because that is how they are, or seem to be, back home.

He cannot meet "good" women because they do not want him or are afraid to want him; or are too ignorant to know the difference between him or a savage or Simon Legree.

So he meets the women who do want him because no one else wants them; because they too are human and need someone and a roof over their head.

Knockerless

The "bad" women. The white trash, the outcasts, the prostitutes at the end of the beat or, depending how you look at it, the despairing, beaten women who got trapped in the dirt.

I came across some marriages like this, all the better for being broken; but many more, lower-class, all the better for going on. Married ugliness, and beauty, are more than skin deep.

But the Manchester doctor was not wise when he said: "If a mixed couple marry or live together out of their class the result is always disastrous."

Not always. I knocked with my knuckles on a knockerless door in Liverpool. Knockerless because black people are not to mind about their homes outside and if a knocker falls off it stays off.

Inside it is usually different. Like this one. Neat, scrubbed, good to be in.

The best

Molly is 26, plain, not brainy, her arms are tattooed and I guess she once did a stretch in Brixton. She married her middle-class West Indian husband four years ago, and his parents said then she was not good enough.

She is now. She works and works and undoubtedly loves, seeing on the wall an invisible text which says God is Black. She cooked me a West Indian meal of rice and curried

meat and green bananas boiled like marrow, and said:—

"I've got to help my husband be the best man he can be because men are better than women are, because he's black, he must be that much better than I am."

Warning

In Liverpool, too, I perched on a stool and drank coffee and argued with two West Indians, both peacefully married to white wives.

Ted Ansel, the boxer, and Tillman Kilhams, secretary of Liverpool's West Indian Federation Society.

Ted Ansel reckoned 75 per cent of mixed marriages are happy, and Tillman Kilhams said only 60 per cent. I said I had no idea, and did not see how they could have.

Said Mr. Kilhams: "My society is going to meet, now West Indian immigrants and warn them against undesirable white women. Maybe then it will be more like 75 per cent."

Maybe. But the question nobody could answer was this: why do black and white fall in love anyway? It's an important question—as I'll show you in another article.

—(London Express Service).

A POLICEMAN'S LOT

PETER BURGONNE'S
News From Britain

London.

BRITISH policemen keep their hands to themselves. They use force only when they are attacked or when there is no other means of preventing a crime.

They carry no guns, and their short wooden truncheons, carried almost shamelessly in a hidden pocket of their trousers, are drawn only in the direst circumstances.

The British people like it that way. Even when policemen are killed or beaten they resist hysterical demands to arm the police.

The police prefer it that way, too. For, unarmed and rigorously limited in what force they may use, they have the sympathy of the general public and thus in many ways their work is made easier.

But policemen are only human. They are no less sensitive than their fellows. Each has a point beyond which he cannot safely be provoked.

That said, a three-man tribunal recently happened to Police Constable Robert Gunn of the Thurso (Scotland) police. "Sorely tried by the provocative behaviour and language" of local boy, 16-year-old John Waters, Gunn "yielded to temptation" and struck him.

Waters' injury, a bleeding nose and swollen lip, was not, said the tribunal, the kind of injury for which the ordinary parent or schoolmaster would have thought of calling in a doctor at all. And "there was a tendency to make the most of it."

The tribunal went so far as to agree that Waters "is an extremely cheeky boy and on the occasion in question his behaviour and language can only be described as shocking."

In the context of the world today it all seems hardly shocking. Making a "very tired" policeman lose his temper and bloodies the nose of "an extremely cheeky boy." But the fact remained that a British policeman had hit a

So Many Crime-Waves On The Rolling Main

NEWS that latter-day pirates in high-speed motor boats are active in the area of the Philippine Islands introduces a fresh twist to an old story—a story much older than most people realise—the story of a recurrent "crime-wave" which is probably as ancient in its origins (or almost as ancient) as the trade of mariner.

By A. Robertson

was the "brain" behind the organisation of sea-rovers who were preying so systematically on lawful shipping. The pirate captains brought him the loot, which he disposed of through "contacts" who asked no questions.

★★★
The daughters had their part to play in the ring. When the captains came ashore the girls saw to it that they were kept happy, and played sweethearts to them in succession.

When the waters of north-western Europe became too keenly patrolled to provide much opportunity for piracy, the lawless elements among sea-faring men headed across the Atlantic. Thus the West Indies and other areas such as New England were soon made familiar with these suffians, who had no liking for hard work and its modest rewards, but hankered after an undisciplined life that offered more excitement and the possibility of sudden riches.

★★★
Some pirates were disbanded Navy men from the French and British fleets, who, thrown on the "scrap-heap" in times of peace, were natural candidates for the recruitment of crews for ships that sailed under the Skull and Crossbones.

Unique among pirates were two women, Anne Bonny and Mary Read, who fought much more bravely than their shipmates did when the vessel on which they were serving was boarded and captured by the forces of law and order.

For most out-and-out pirates (as opposed to buccanniers and privateers who often had official

backings), the end came in the form of death in a sea-fight, or in footloose fashion "at the end of a hangman's rope." Few realised their dream of wealth. There were exceptions—like Captain John Avery, who took a prize with a hundred thousand pieces-of-eight aboard her, lived like a king for a time—but died in want after being swindled out of his unlawful fortune by a group of sharp-witted businessmen. Avery learned the hard lesson that pirates had their counterparts on dry land and in the humdrum world of ledgers and office-decks; shifty characters who didn't need shot or cold steel to relieve you of your cash.

There were also Captain Misson, a Frenchman, well-born and intellectual, and something of an idealist. After lining his pockets as a pirate he ultimately settled in Madagascar and reigned for years over a sort of Utopian republic which he established there.

What spelled the end for large-scale piracy in most parts of the world were the inventions of the steamship and telegraphic communication, and the mobility these gave to law enforcement authorities.

It is, however, on mobility that the sea-rovers of Manila Bay (re today relying on the success of their sinister undertakings)

The spillover they are securing cover a wide variety. The plunder may consist of a "catch" forcibly seized from some fishing-vessel, or it may consist of provisions, supplies or valuables secretively stashed from ocean-going ships at dead of night by these latter-day pirates, who know how to tread softly when the occasion demands.



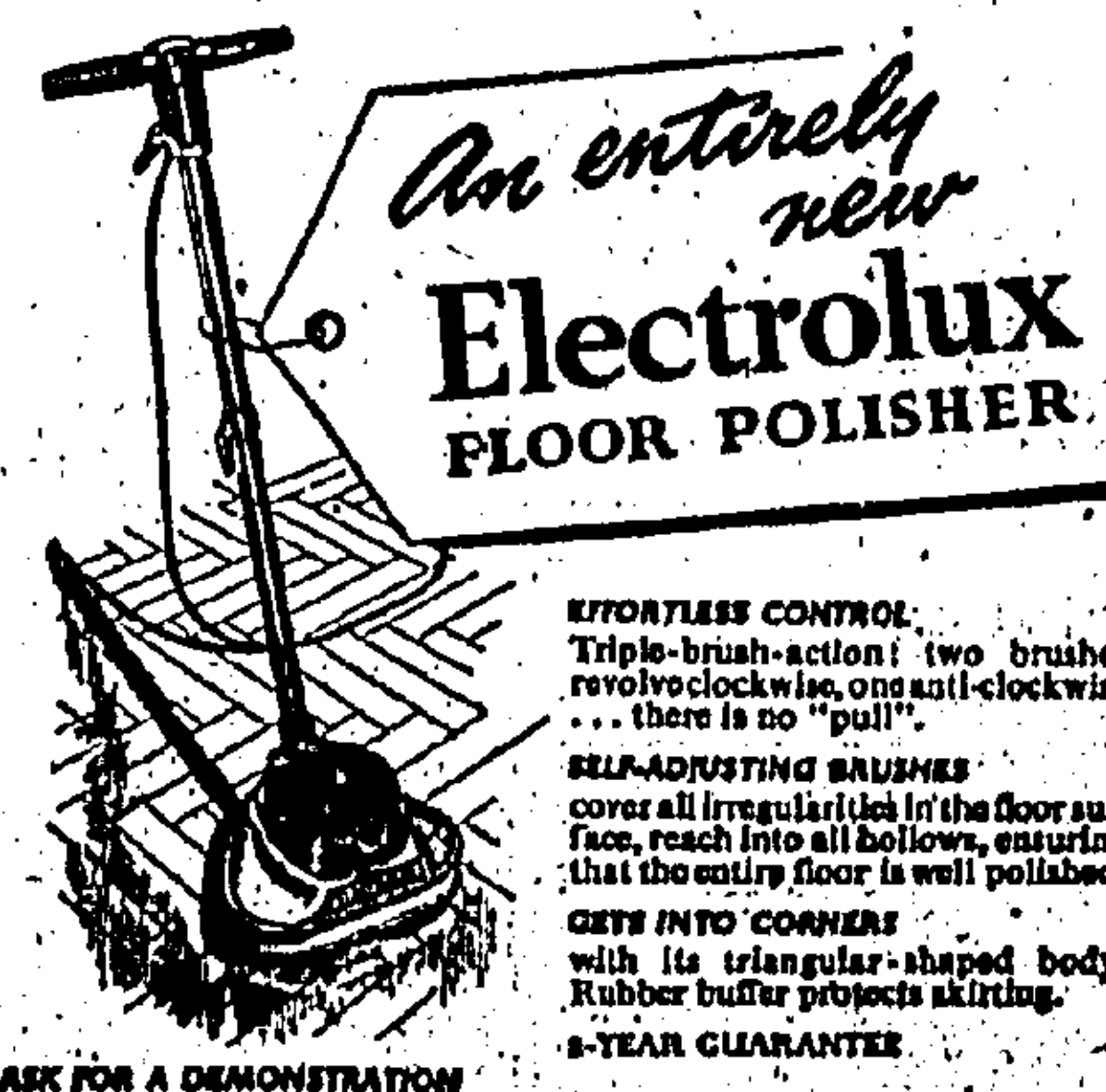
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(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)
THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES
The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the last Race at 2.00 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No Person without an admission badge which must be prominently displayed throughout the meeting will be admitted. Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, 5 D'Aguiar Street and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member.

ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Timings will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be available in the RESTAURANT.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5 D'Aguiar Street during office hours.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 1st May, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Special Cash Sweep Tickets on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 2nd May, 1959, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Office at:

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street, Hong Kong on:

Saturday 25th April	9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.
Monday 27th to Thursday 30th April	9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Friday 1st May	9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Queen's Building	9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
5 D'Aguiar Street	9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on:	
Saturday 25th April	9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.
Monday 27th April to Friday 1st May	10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

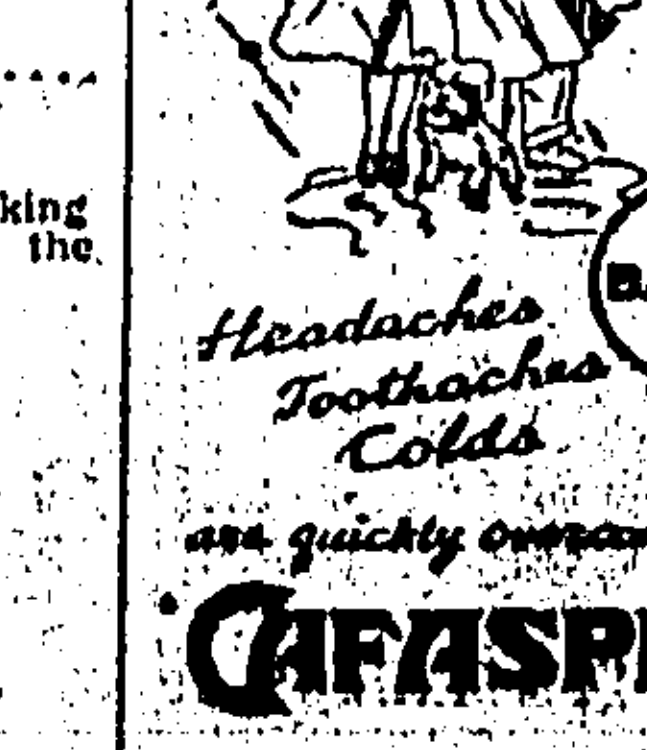
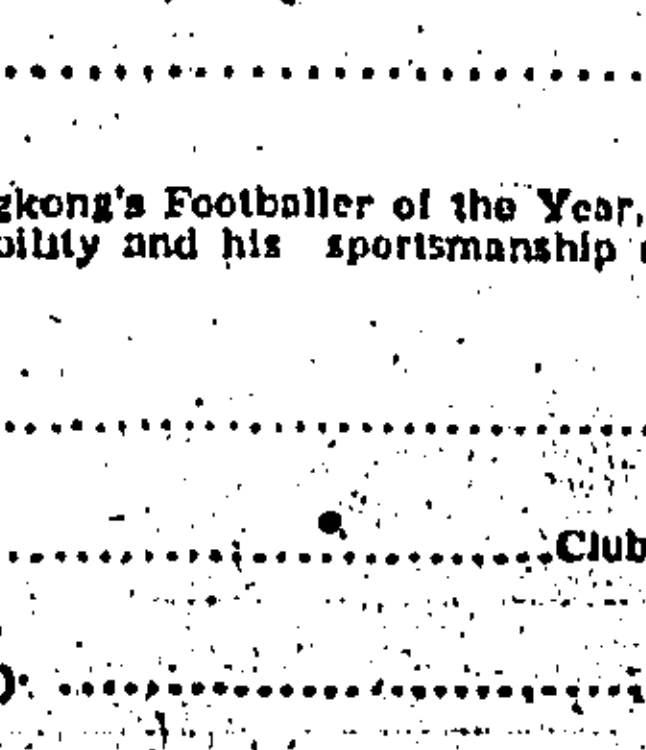
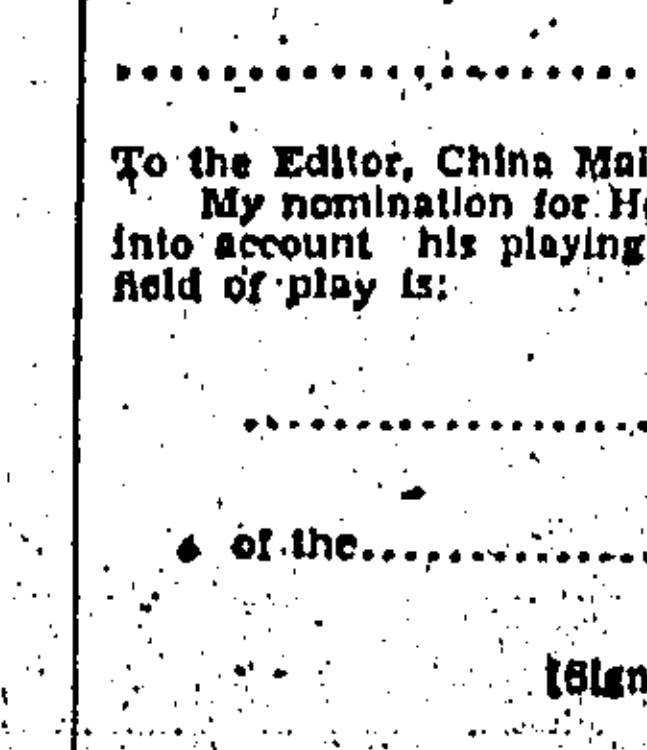
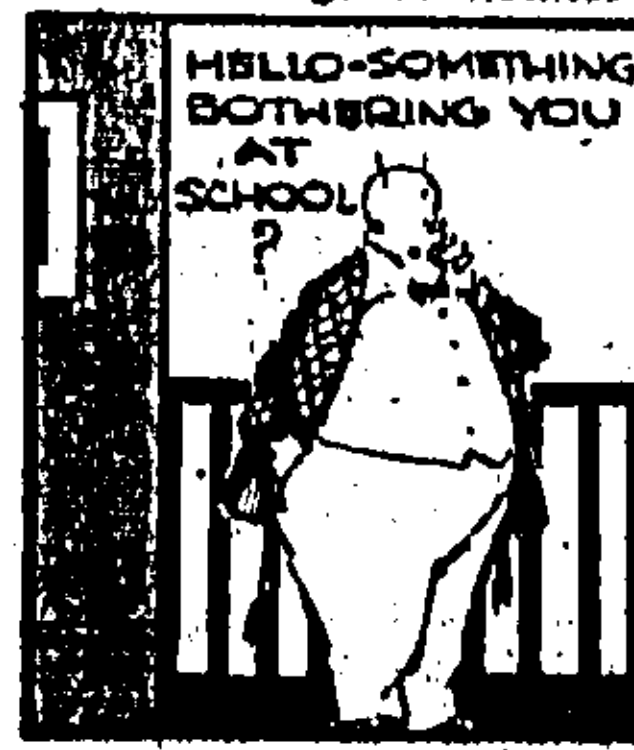
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THIS WAS MY GREATEST CUP FINAL

THE MIRACLE OF WEMBLEY!

DRAMA, brilliance, emotion, spectacle
— which was the F. A. Cup Final's greatest occasion? I've seen every Final at Wembley and 36 in all, but for spectacle and sensation you can't beat Invasion Day, 1923.

"The new Empire Stadium is as big as the Biblical city of Jericho," said Wembley's official publicity men.

"The external wall is half-a-mile round. A hundred thousand people have been to the Final at Crystal Palace, but half of them couldn't see. Now, let 'em all come," they boasted.

London and the Provinces took them at their word. A Finalist from the Metropolis, West Ham United, magnetised the match.

The roads to Wembley looked like Epsom's Derby Day—all sorts of conveyances, bells, rattles, clowns, mascots, favours, all sorts of accents, and slowing things down, hundreds of motor-coaches bearing the blue and white of Bolton Lancashire's challengers for the Cup.

I left Fleet Street by car three hours before the kick-off time... and just escaped in. The police estimate was that almost a quarter of a million people poured into Wembley that day.

Jammed In

They overran what were called "the defences" of this new enclosure, poured into the Stadium, overtook the accommodation, begged, borrowed and stole the nearest seats, flooded over the fences, and sought safety on the pitch.

And that perfect, unused pitch was locally composed of the turf from local golf-course fairways.

The teams were there in time but the Bolton Wanderers' coach containing directors and officials was well away, still jammed in the miles of vehicles.

Crossed Line

At 3.30 p.m., thirty minutes after kick-off time, the Wanderers' party set out on foot across some fields.

Imagine it! For years Bolton Journalists' reply to correspondents who asked, "When did the

SPORTS QUIZ

- How many players make up a team in (a) hockey, (b) water polo, (c) lacrosse?
- What sports do you associate with (a) Cornouaille, (b) Trent Bridge, (c) Madelon Square Garden?
- Which of the present world boxing champions has held his title the longest?
- Which new world boxing champion has been nicknamed the "Springfield Kid" from 1949-55?
- Which horses have won this year's "Spring Double"?
- Which rugby player set up a world record by scoring 16 points for Great Britain against Australia in 1957?
- Name the one-armed tennis player who played for Austria in the Davis Cup from 1949-55?
- On which cricket grounds would you expect to find (a) the Hill, (b) The Tavern?
- Which soccer clubs have reached the Wembley FA Cup Final for the first time in their history?
- How many tries have England scored in their four International Championship matches this year?

(Answers on Page 17)

Chaos, And Then A King Saved The Match

By
Ivan Sharpe

(George Kay) grinned: "Ref, what about that white horse on the penalty-spot?"

The referee replied: "Let's make a start and hope we can finish it. There are three of us in the wilderness."

When Bolton scored, the West Ham captain justifiably moaned, "This isn't right, you know, ref. These aren't Cup Final conditions."

The comedy in psychology was completed when Joe Smith, the Bolton captain, commented: "We're getting through it, ref. We'll see things through. We're prepared to keep on till dark."

After the match it was reported that Ted Wizard, Bolton's Welsh international outside-left, said the best pass he received was from a spectator.

This good story he denied.

"What I did say," he told me, "was this: I asked the people surrounding the corner-flag to give me a push so that I could take a stride and kick a corner!"

Bent Irons

Yes, spectators sometimes stepped onto the field to get a better view.

The luckiest people that day weren't the winning players.

Fortune favoured the 200,000 who walked, struggled, were swept, pushed and carried, and in other ways entered the Stadium.

This I realised afterwards when I saw iron railings bent in concrete.

The most fortunate feature of

Campbell After Two Records

Donald Campbell, holder of the world water speed record, will use the huge runway at Filton aerodrome, Bristol, to test his new 5,000 h.p. Bluebird car in which he will attempt to break the world land speed record.

The 2,725-yards long runway was specially built for the gigantic Brabazon airliner. Campbell reckons it is the only place in Britain suitable for testing his car.

His turbine-engined Bluebird is expected to achieve speeds of up to 500 m.p.h. The world land speed record, set by the late John Cobb in 1947, is 394.2 m.p.h.

Campbell will attempt to take the record past the 400 m.p.h. mark on Utah Salt Flats late next year. Earlier in 1960, on Coniston Water, he will try to take his water speed record beyond the 300 m.p.h.

If he succeeds, he will be the first man ever to set up new world speed records, on land and water, in the same year—London Express Service.

Invasion Day was that no one was killed and, of 22 people, taken to hospital, only 12 were detained.

This was a near miracle and why the F.A. Cup Final became an all-ticket affair.

Wembley's a hoodoo over Wembley. After Invasion Day it developed a grudge against goalkeepers.

In 1927, when Cardiff City took the Cup beyond the English borders, it was the Arsenal goalkeeper who fumbled and failed. A Welshman, at that.

Hugh Ferguson, goal-scoring Scottish centre-forward, shot from 20 yards or more. No danger, everyone thought.

The Arsenal defenders turned to watch Lewis, unchallenged and all alone, go down on one knee and comfortably field the ball.

So Tamely

It was as simple and as quiet as that.

In fielding the ball, however, Lewis allowed it to slip into his left arm-pit. Still no danger, apparently. Still nice time to recover and clear.

It was then that the demon arrived. Lewis, grabbing at the ball with his right hand, only pushed the ball deeper into his arm-pit.

Then it squeezed out and fell, oh, so tamely and pathetically, over the goal-line just behind.

And that's how the "English" Cup, for the only time in seventy-odd Finals, went out of the country.

The poor old goalkeeper was in trouble again—dire trouble a year later, in 1928, when Huddersfield Town, recently triple League champions, were really knocked out by Blackburn in the very first minute.

In the very first attack Mercer, in the Town goal, caught a centre a yard from his line and stood stock still, as though mesmerised.

Up came Rosemercy and charged man and ball over the goal-line. And that was the end of Huddersfield's hopes.

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail,
My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into account his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is:

of the.....Club.

(Signed).....

Cup Ticket

'No.' So Brick

Is Thrown

London.
A man threw a brick through the dining-room window of Luton chairman Percy Mitchell's home. And his wife Lillian, who had just refused the caller a Cup Final ticket, had to duck to avoid a shower of flying glass.

A shaken Mrs Mitchell said later: "I saw this rough-looking man of about 25 come to the back door. I asked him what he wanted. He said 'Got any Cup tickets?' I told him 'No.'"

"He said nothing else and walked away. I went back into the dining room. Then this brick came smashing through the window just a few feet away."

I THINK I'LL DO SOME FARMING SAYS RICHARDSON

By PETER MOSS

GLAMORGAN County Cricket Club want Peter Richardson—Lancashire want Peter Richardson—and so do Worcestershire, who last week announced they have accepted his resignation as skipper.

But all may have to take second place to a herd of cows.

Peter, 27-year-old England opening batsman, told me yesterday: "I think I'll do some farming for a change. I am a farmer, you know, and I like it very much."

The cricket world is full of stories about a domestic squabble between Richardson and Worcester.

Amateur left-hander Richardson is sure about one thing. He is definitely not looking for a paid cricket post which would give him time off to play cricket as an amateur.

Don Kenyon, another England opening batsman becomes Worcestershire captain. I think he will have Peter Richardson under his command before the season is out.

LOSES JOB
Meanwhile Peter, who asked Worcester not to consider him for the captaincy, says: "Isn't it wonderful growing weather?"

He will lose the paid position of cricket secretary.

In a statement issued yesterday the Worcester committee say they are firmly of the opinion that he should continue to play for them.

And Peter says: "It could be a year at least to qualify for us. I shall not play again for Worcester. I am sorry in many ways."

Sports Diary

TODAY

Hockey
International Men's Series: Holland v England (5.30 p.m.); Malaysia v Portugal (Recrolo) 6 p.m.
Ladies' Hockey: England v Scotland (6.30 p.m.)

Soccer
1st Division: C.A.A. v Kwong Wah (11); Army Eastern (Club): Kitchee v Sing Tao (15) all matches at 4 p.m.

Reserve Division: C.A.A. v Kwong Wah (16); Kitchee v Sing Tao (18); Army v Eastern (Club) all matches at 4 p.m.

2nd Division: C.A.A. v AFB (Navy) 4 p.m.; Navy v Gymnasium (Navy) 5.30 p.m.

3rd Division: K.C. Godown v Reunion 4 p.m.; B & V C.W. 4 p.m.; Hon Yung v Watson 4 p.m.; Kwan Wan v H.K. (18) 5.30 p.m.; Mercantile v University 5.30 p.m.; Dodwell v H.K. 5.30 p.m. Telephone v H.K. 5.30 p.m. all matches at Happy Valley.

Headaches, Toothaches, Colds
and quickly overcome by
CAFASPIN

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Mixture Of Fearlessness And Folly In Colony Football Selectors' Latest Efforts

The Interport Committee of the Hongkong Football Association has certainly set the tongues wagging about the two teams they have nominated to meet our colourful visitors from Costa Rica next weekend.

Moving around in our soccer circles it is interesting to listen to the different reactions and I gather from conversations with sports writers on the vernacular press that there is a considerable undercurrent of hostility to the line-ups announced for the All-Hongkong and Hongkong Selection teams.

Over and over again it has been said that in making their selections our Interport Committee should be quite fearless; that primarily they should disregard every consideration except current form and that in building a representative side they should give thought to compatibility

of individuals... box office value... and 'face' only as qualifying elements in the final selections. On the surface one might say that this time they have done all these things but the more one looks at the two teams the more "grumbling" become the doubts.

FRED NORRIS BREAKS TWO RECORDS



Fred Norris, the 36-year-old mine worker from the Bolton United Harriers, winning the AAA 10 miles track event at the Hurlingham meeting recently. His time of 48 mins 32.4 secs broke his own British Empire record, and best performance for the meet. Central Press Photo.

Took Courage

It certainly took courage to leave Yiu Cheuk-yin and Mok Chun-wah out of the Colony side. It was a fearless move and, while Mok Chun-wah has no valid claim to a place in the line-up on present form, it is hard to imagine any All-Hongkong team without Yiu Cheuk-yin.

It is true the little South China star has been strongly inconsistent this season but that may well have been due to the many injuries he has suffered. He has not been really fit for a long time and, remembering the excellent service he has given to local football over a number of years, it might have been better if the Interport Committee had left him out of their reckoning rather than subjecting him to the inglorious position of being picked as a reserve... for that is really what it is.

According to many stories already in circulation Yiu Cheuk-yin will not play in the Hongkong Selection and only yesterday I heard a big wager being offered on this score... without being accepted!

The Real Root

Yiu Cheuk-yin without Mok Chun-wah is only half the player he is with him and the continued deterioration in the outside-left's play may be the real root of the whole story.

The little winger has clearly had his day. As he is playing at present he simply is not worth a place in the Colony line-up but it is rather sad to see him also being relegated to the "second-best" status. Mok Chun-wah has long been a pillar in Hongkong football. He has played some magnificent games and in doing so has delighted countless thousands of fans. It would have been much more gracious if the selectors had acknowledged that past service by leaving him out altogether.

It is a grand sight to see a young player climbing the ladder step by step to the top

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

but there is no more unpleasant spectacle than to see a once great star being sent in the same manner in the opposite direction. Let the star who has won acclaim finish his career on a top note... don't be condescending... his achievements and his service to the game deserve better than the "cast-off" treatment which has been accorded to Mok Chun-wah.

Different Case

Yiu Cheuk-yin's case is something quite different. He will come again for he is still far and away the finest ball player we have... quite apart from the fact that by instinct he is master of the open space and easily the best football field marshal we have in this part of the world.

He answered the selectors in his own way in the game against Kitchener on Wednesday when he rose above the very obvious effects of his most recent injury to guide his team to a fine victory while showing all and sundry the benefits to be derived from the use of the open space... and of course how to score goals when they are needed most.

Yiu Cheuk-yin has not however been playing consistently well and the selectors took a fearless and thoroughly justified step in dropping him from the All-Hongkong team... but the ingredients of fear and folly got a bit mixed when they chose him to fill the No. 10 shirt in the "second-best" or the "Stiffs" as they would be called in Britain.

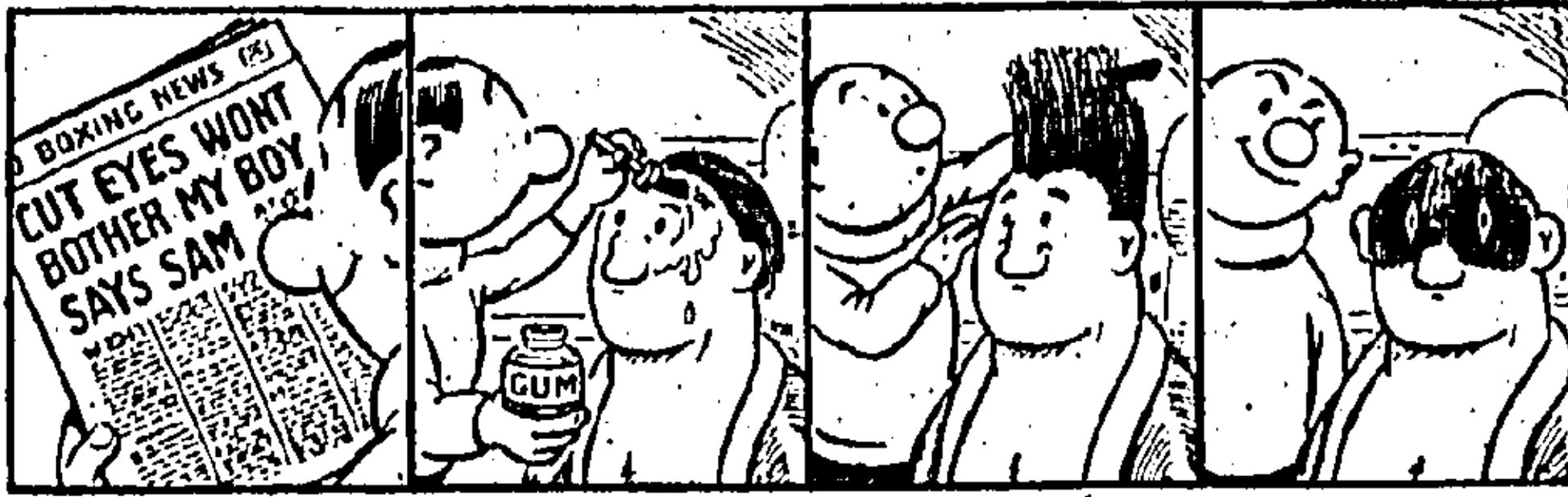
Worth His Place

On current form Lo Kwok-tai is well worth his place. Nothing I have said about Yiu Cheuk-yin should detract from that fact. The Tung Wah inside-left has had a grand season and personally I rate him the consistently dangerous and profitable forward in our soccer at the moment. True he lacks some of Yiu Cheuk-yin's polish but his greater strength and finishing power are good substitutes.

The arguments about the treatment dished out to Yiu Cheuk-yin and Mok Chun-wah will be heard long enough for a long time to come. No doubt

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service

there will be those folks who will back the actions of the Interport Committee but few will quibble about the decision they made to promote lanky Leung Wah-hing to face Colony stars. The tall husman has played brilliantly this season and he is a more dangerous and imaginative winger than the man he had now displaced. I think he's going to fill the

slot—which the Interport Committee has placed in them. Nevertheless there are now two dangerous grumbles rolling around. The fans are anything but happy about the prior structure which has been fixed for the Costa Rican games and when that is added to the unrest which has arisen over the teams, there could be an unfortunate influence on the gate. I hope this is not so... but in Hongkong football the fans have shown themselves stubborn when things are not quite to their liking and, as I see the situation now, a lot is going to depend on the attitude which the vernacular press adopts.

Support Needed

If the sportswriters show hostility then we might have a crowd problem—or rather a lack-of-crowd problem. If ever there was an occasion when the football fortunes lay in the power of the pen it is now... and in the best interests of Hongkong soccer it is to be hoped that everyone

Answers To Sports Quiz

London Express Service.



London Express Service.

Answers To Sports Quiz

- (a) Eleven, (b) Seven, (c) Twelve.
- (a) Golf, (b) Cricket, (c) Boxing.
- Archie Moore, world light-heavyweight champion.
- Davey Moore, world featherweight champion.
- Marshall Pili and Oxo.
- B. Lewis Jones (Wales).
- Hans Redl.
- (a) Sydney, (b) Lord's.
- Nottingham Forest and Luton. Forest have won the Cup once... at Crystal Palace in 1928.
- None.

Henry Longhurst On Golf WELL DONE!

One of the most interesting aspects of the Walker Cup golf team, which is due to play the Americans at Muirfield on May 15 and 16, was the method of its announcement.

This seemed to me a model of its kind and, though it is not of my business, I could not help feeling that M.C.C. selectors, whose public relations have never been what they should be, would save themselves a great deal of uninformed criticism by taking a leaf out of Mr Raymond Oppenheimer's book.

How much better in such cases to say why!

With great regret, said Oppenheimer, the selectors felt that Thirlwell's putting was not at the moment reliable enough for him to be included in the team. He did not think his method of putting was any sudden improvement.

In Scotland they would naturally be wondering about little Sandy Sardley, who came into prominence by finishing second in the special tournament at Lytham.

While predicting a brilliant future for him, Oppenheimer said that he was not seriously considered because he had as yet had no experience to harden him to the big occasion.

True Or False?

The announcement of the team was made in the handsome new building of the Diamond Corporation in Charterhouse Street, thus bringing to my mind a story the veracity of which I have been challenging and Raymond Oppenheimer frequently stoutly maintaining for fifteen years.

During the war he was a Controller in the R.A.F. at Collyhall at a time when the Germans were making a last desperate effort by launching flying bombs from aeroplanes over the North Sea.

One day when he was directing operations all the flying bombs were shot down except one, which was last seen making its way towards London. "Hal!" said Oppenheimer, "a nice thing if it hit my office!" It did.

'The Collector'

Most teams, at golf or any other game, very nearly pick themselves, leaving a few places in the case of the Walker Cup only one — debatable at the end.

On this occasion, for the first time in my own experience, the selectors gave not only their choice but their reasons. And, after all, why not?

The last place, said the Chairman, lay between W. D. Smith, the 41-year-old Selkirk player who finished fifth in the Open Championship at St Andrews and is known among his Scottish friends as "The Collector" on account of the frequency with which he takes their money, and another player who naturally was not named.

With Great Regret

Regarding it as virtually a dead-heat, they chose the other simply on the ground that he was younger. Hais on Smith—but I dare say most people, faced with this problem, would have done the same.

It was realised that golfers in the north of England would be disappointed that a place could not be found for Alan Thirlwell.

FREDDIE COX PLANS TO BUILD NEW PORTSMOUTH TEAM

By ALAN HOBY

What has happened to the fabulous luck of Freddie Cox? This season it has vanished—like Lady Docker's jewels. Two years ago this chunky ex-war-time pilot with the fighter's face was the rising young manager of the hour. His £4,000 team of nobodies from Bourne-mouth, in the Third Division, were the rage of football.



FREDDIE COX

In a rocketing Cup run they rubbed out Wolves and Spurs, then gave Manchester United's Red Devils the fright of their famous young lives.

Never had the fame of Frederick James Arthur Cox stood higher — not even in those heady days when he was a battering-ram right winger for Arsenal.

But look at Freddie Cox today.

His Future

After just one season as manager of First Division Portsmouth (where he moved from Bourne-mouth), he is hedged and hemmed in by disaster.

Not only have Pompey dropped through the relegation trap-door into the Second Division, but there is vast speculation concerning Cox's personal future in football.

Last week I went down to Portsmouth to find out for myself the FACTS behind the Cox "crash". And what did I discover? I found a town in turmoil — a town torn by rumours of rows — a town agitated but fascinated by Albert Quixall's "allegations" — in a newspaper article for which the Manchester United star has since apologised — that there is unhappiness and backbiting backstage at Fratton Park.

Not Worried

AND I found Freddie Cox not a worried, ulcer-ridden, butt-end of a man, as one might have thought from the load of trouble he carries, but the same buoyant, plumpish — he is half a stone heavier than two years back — bluntness of a football boss.

"The talk," I said, as he greeted me with a warm hand-shake, "is that you have turned Pompey into a Third Division club, that players are unhappy, that you have enemies."

"I know," Cox replied, "and it makes me angry. A lot of trouble has been caused because Norman Uphill, our Irish goalkeeper, has told the world I gave him a raw deal. But, as I think you know, there is a sliding scale of pay at Portsmouth. We pay top wages, and if a man is injured playing in the

first team he gets £20. But if he is injured as a reserve he gets £10."

Uphill, who finished the hand playing for the reserves, demanded £20. I told him that, under club rules, it couldn't be done. And he didn't like it.

'Rubbish'

"It's true I made him train on his own at that time — but it's not the first time injured players have trained by themselves."

"It is also true I asked him to train alone because of the atmosphere."

Freddie Cox continued, quietly: "You know it is rubbish to say I have reduced Pompey to the status of a Third Division side."

"When I came here discipline was bad. There was also only a limited amount of money to spend — and five positions to strengthen."

"Of course, I could have gone for a big-name star like Tommy Docherty, now of Arsenal, but I tried to spread the load, to plug the holes. I went to Third Division clubs for players."

'Takes Time'

"What people forget is that famous clubs like Arsenal and West Bromwich Albion have done exactly the same thing. "Gunners like Jimmy Bloomfield, David Herd, and Dave Bowen came from Brentford, Stockport County, and Northampton."

Derek Ryan, Ronnie Allen,

and Maurice Setters, of West Bromwich, came from Bradford, Port Vale, and Exeter.

"The only difference is that I had to plunk my Third Division players straight into the first team — instead of first groomers in the club style with the reserves."

"Again, I suppose, there was a certain resentment regarding the new boys, and the changes in playing style I introduced. Some players, too, like Jimmy Dickinson, who is beyond reproach both on and off the field — he will be given a coaching job here when he retires — aren't getting any younger."

"It has been a gradual run-down and to remedy it takes time. Unfortunately, time has always been one step ahead of us. If we could have put the clock forward 15 months, we would have been OK."

Club Hostel

"And the future?" I queried. "We've built a WONDERFUL YOUTH TEAM," said Freddie Cox proudly. "We've scoured the country for 'em. The modern trend is to find and develop your own players."

"The club has just bought an hotel at Southsea. This we will turn into a hostel big enough to house 150 young players."

"It will have every modern convenience, a large dining room and games room, and here we will mould the character of the new Pompey."

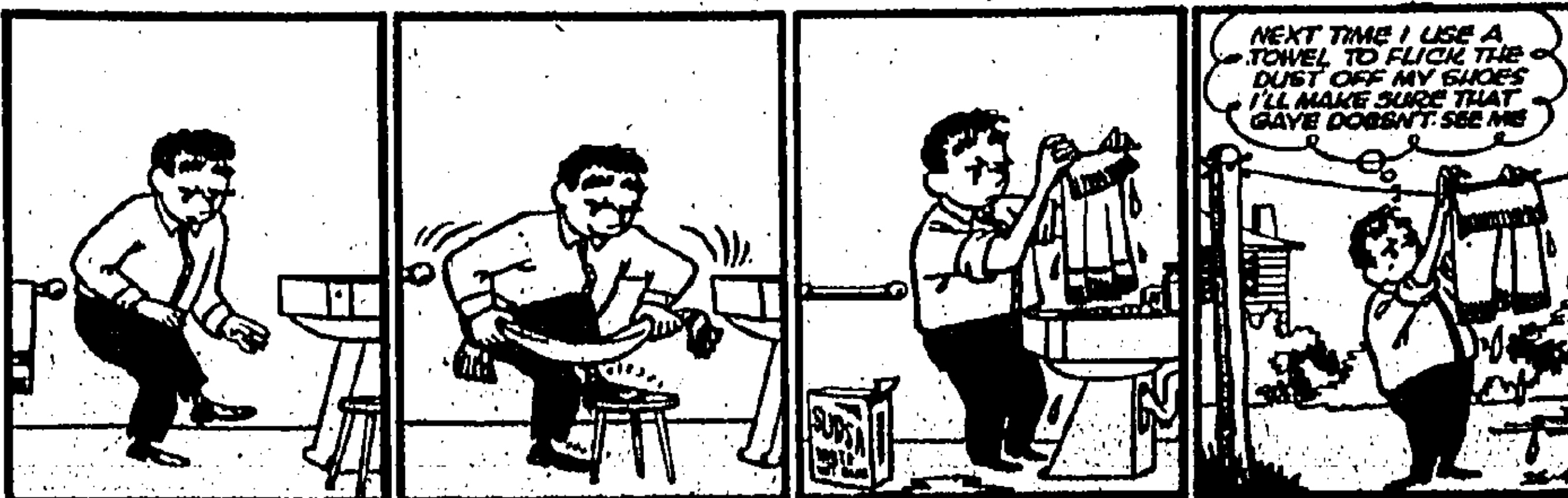
"Department, diet, discipline — these 15-17-year-olds will get the best." Pompey's chief went on. "It may seem laughable now, but I aim to make Portsmouth the Manchester United of the South Coast."

"You're not downhearted about being relegated then?" I said again. "No, I am not," he replied. "Disappointed, naturally. Depressed, never."

As Freddie Cox rose from his chair the old cheery, confident grin flashed out for a moment. "Don't worry about US — or ME," he said. "I've a fine board. Things may look bad now, but Portsmouth will be back — in double-quick time."

London Express Service.

THE GAMBOLS By Barry Appleby



HOT WATER



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CHINA MAIL

Page 18 SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1959.

Sheaffer's
NEW BALLPOINT
WITH EXCLUSIVE
STERLING SILVER TIP

DALAI LAMA'S NOTES WERE GENUINE

Casualties Real In Mock Navy Battle

Singapore, April 24. The Sento fleet at present engaged in exercises in the South China Sea, today fought off mock submarine attacks while refuelling under way.

The 30-ship fleet, which is undergoing its annual manoeuvres, is the biggest the anti-Communist pact powers have so far assembled.

Today its commander, Rear-Admiral G. G. O. Gifford, flag-officer commanding the Australian fleet, said the exercise was "well under way, and an atmosphere of operational realism is apparent throughout the fleet."

The fleet has carried out a number of emergency medical calls during the week it has been at sea.

Two seamen were injured on Tuesday in an accident aboard the American destroyer Nicholas.

Appendicitis

A New Zealand Sunderland flying boat landed on the open sea to take one back to Singapore, and the other way transferred to the Australian aircraft carrier Melbourne.

Last night the New Zealand cruiser "Royalist" broke off a night torpedo exercise to race to the aid of a British freighter, the Empire Kittiwake, which needed a doctor for a sick man aboard, and today a suspected appendicitis case was transferred to the Melbourne from an American destroyer.

SWISS LEAD 2-0 IN DAVIS CUP

Tel-Aviv, April 24. Switzerland led Israel 2-0 after today's singles in the Davis Cup European Zone first round tie here.

Results: Martina Froehch (Switzerland) beat Elazar Davidman (Israel) 6-2, 6-4, 9-7.

Paul Blondel (Switzerland) beat Arish Avidan (Israel) 6-2, 6-4, 6-3.—Reuter.

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New Delhi, April 24. The highlight of the meeting in Mussoorie today between the Dalai Lama and Indian Premier Jawaharlal Nehru was the revelation that the letters published in Peking as having been written by the Dalai Lama to the Chinese commander in Lhasa were authentic.

At a recent Press conference, Nehru had politely but clearly cast a doubt on the authenticity of these letters.

Tonight the Indian Premier said that the Dalai Lama had in fact written them and explained that he had done so to "hide over a troubled time" and to avoid aggravating the situation.

The question of these letters had been the only major mystery surrounding the Dalai Lama's position after his Tezpur statement.

Now that it has been cleared up and the letters are found to have been authentic, the Peking authorities can claim an easy victory.

The most serious side of the affair is that in consequence many people will believe that all the biggest anti-Communist pact powers have so far assembled.

The fleet has carried out a number of emergency medical calls during the week it has been at sea.

Two seamen were injured on Tuesday in an accident aboard the American destroyer Nicholas.

Revised

The Indian Communists, who were only recently revised in Parliament, will also score an easy victory, if they wish to do so, over the letters.

The tricky situation provoked by the arrival of the Dalai Lama in India and by the Indian Government's offer of asylum has become an even more delicate one for the New Delhi Government in its relations with the Peking Government.

The Dalai Lama crossed over into Indian territory on March 31, and it is almost inconceivable that in the 24-day period covered since then Nehru was not informed that the letters were authentic and that if he knew it that he did not make it known.—France-Press.

'Beat' Burglar

Los Angeles, April 24. Mrs. Edgar A. Patterson told police she'd been robbed by a real "beat" burglar. He took her Hi-Fi set, she said, and left her a note in lipstick on a bedroom mirror. It said:

"It is with regret
"Your goods I begot
"But for over a week
"I ain't won a bet."—U.P.I.

REFORM CLUB

A meeting of the Reform Club will be held in the Kwong Chau Restaurant at 3 p.m. today.

U.S. Wants Christmas Island

Washington, April 24. The United States is interested in using Britain's Christmas Island in the Pacific as an equatorial launching site for satellites, it was reported today.

The magazine Missiles and Rockets said that U.S. space experts and many congressional officials were pressing for early negotiations to either rent or buy the island.

Christmas Island was the base for Britain's hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific. A large stall with an airfield capable of taking the biggest jet planes—it also was used as a staging point for Allied flights across the Pacific during the Second World War.

Missiles and Rockets did not elaborate on its report about Christmas Island.—Reuter.

PETER MAY MARRIES

Cranleigh, Surrey, April 24. England and Surrey cricket captain, Peter May, was married at Cranleigh Parish Church near London today to Miss Virginia Gilligan, eldest daughter of Harold Gilligan, who captained England's Test team in New Zealand 30 years ago.

Ushers included three Test cricketers, the "Bedser twins" Alec and Eric who are Surrey's team mates of Peter May, and Peter Richardson of Worcester-shire.

Many well-known cricketers were among the three hundred guests.

The couple are spending a motoring honeymoon in Scotland.

Before returning to live at Cranleigh, in a large house overlooking the village cricket green, the 24-year-old bride joined her fiancé in Australia during part of the last Test tour.

The bride's full-length parchment satin dress which she helped to design more than a year ago was made up of 25 yards of material and had a short train.

Her long veil was held in place by a feathered head-dress and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, white roses and white orchids.

Reception

Attending her were her 14-year-old sister Joanna and three friends all in ballerina long dresses of pale-blue silk with white head-dresses.

Mr. John May, the groom's brother, was best man.

After the service conducted by the Rev. H. Johnston, Vicar of Cranleigh, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.

Peter May, who is 29, joined the Surrey County Cricket Club in 1930 and in the following year played in his first Test match for England against South Africa.

He has captained England in five Test series since 1955—twice against Australia and against South Africa, the West Indies and New Zealand. He is an insurance broker in the City of London.—China Mail Special.

Bawdy Planet

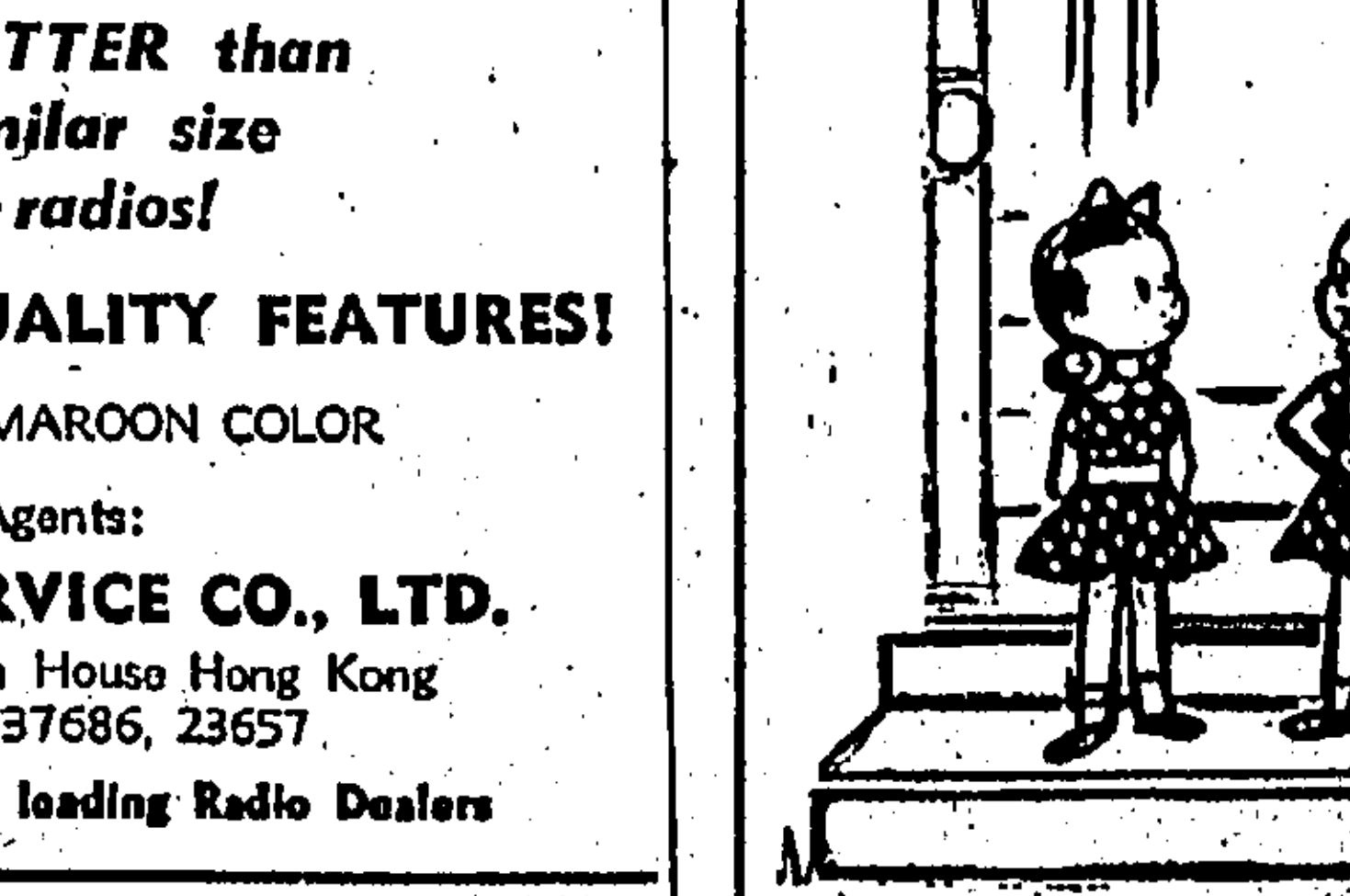
London, April 24. The Lord Chamberlain, who is Britain's chief censor, confessed today that he finds comfort in Shakespeare while reading modern plays.

The line that comes to his mind, is from "A Winter's Tale": "It is a bawdy planet!"—U.P.I.

TUDOR MAN OUT

London, April 24. Tudor Man was officially scratched from the 1,000 Guineas at 1255 GMT yesterday.—Reuter.

This Funny World



"I just hope we're not going to be twins all our lives!"

Roman Holiday Ending For Princess

Rome, April 24. Princess Margaret rode a white horse around an Etruscan cemetery today on the last full day of her Roman holiday.

Among her party of nine was 31-year-old Prince Henry of Hesse, who was one of her favourite partners at the exclusive night-club party on Wednesday and her host at cocktails last night.

The Princess, wearing beige riding breeches and a green jacket, galloped with her friends round the tombs dug in the side of three small valleys which form the third century necropolis of Norchia, near Viterbo, north of Rome.

Tibet Justifies Boycott—Lodge

Chicago, April 24. Mr. Cabot Lodge, chief American delegate to the United Nations, said tonight that the "unspeakable brutality" of Tibet by the Chinese "justifies anew everything we have done to keep Red China out of the United Nations."

Mr. Lodge said: "Tibet is proof to the people of Asia that there is an imperialism in Peking which seeks to enslave other Asian peoples and does not hesitate to use war and treachery in the process."

Mr. Lodge also said that a summit conference which ended without important agreements would worsen the international situation.—Reuter.

De Gaulle Pardons Rebels

Paris, April 24. French President, Charles de Gaulle, has pardoned some 30 Algerian rebels, condemned to death by Algerian military courts, an informed source said today.

The source said that this decision was made on April 7, during a meeting of the French High Council of the Magistracy, held at the Elysee Palace, residence of the French President.—France-Press.

Western Joint Strategy

London, April 24. Experts of the Western Big Four nations finished work today on joint strategy for dealing with Russia in the Foreign Ministers' conference next month. It was understood to include a phased arms control and inspection system for Central Europe.

The policy package was sent off immediately for study by the British, French, United States and West German Governments.—U.P.I.

TELEVISION

2 p.m., Highway Patrol; 2.30, Eddie Cantor Show; 3, Cantor's Feature: "The Story of a General"; 3.15, "The Story of a General"; 3.30, "The Story of a General"; 3.45, "The Story of a General"; 4, "The Story of a General"; 4.15, "The Story of a General"; 4.30, "The Story of a General"; 4.45, "The Story of a General"; 5, "The Story of a General"; 5.15, "The Story of a General"; 5.30, "The Story of a General"; 5.45, "The Story of a General"; 6, "The Story of a General"; 6.15, "The Story of a General"; 6.30, "The Story of a General"; 6.45, "The Story of a General"; 7, "The Story of a General"; 7.15, "The Story of a General"; 7.30, "The Story of a General"; 7.45, "The Story of a General"; 8, "The Story of a General"; 8.15, "The Story of a General"; 8.30, "The Story of a General"; 8.45, "The Story of a General"; 9, "The Story of a General"; 9.15, "The Story of a General"; 9.30, "The Story of a General"; 9.45, "The Story of a General"; 10, "The Story of a General"; 10.15, "The Story of a General"; 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